NEW MASSES

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THE MAN WHO BOMBED BERLIN

A Soviet Aviator's Diary

by SASHA MOLODCHY

CRISIS ON THE HOME FRONT

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CRISIS ON THE HOME FRONT

ASSUME that our propagandists and underground allies within Germany had caused disturbances within twelve widely scattered areas of the Reich. Suppose Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Munich, and half a dozen more industrial strongholds saw rioting between the munitions workers and, say, the *Schutz-Staffel* and the *Polizei*. Suppose, too, that rioting spread into the military camps and Nazi soldiers fought Nazi soldiers. Suppose that all this happened within the past fortnight, under Hitler's nose. What a paean of exultation would rise up in our press; how the word would leap across the seas to all the United Nations.

That may or may not be happening in Germany but this we do know: the reverse is happening here. Axis propaganda, and its American proponents, indubitably collaborating in many areas with imported Nazi agents, have successfully stirred up disturbances aimed at setting American against American. They have whipped up an insurrection against the administration and the war effort. The pattern leaps out of *Mein Kampf;* divide the country into warring factions and fascism will benefit.

Reread your headlines this past fortnight; you will see the Axis pattern in at least twelve states where anti-Negro and anti-Mexican disturbances have occurred. It happened in cities where war work was dominant: Detroit, Beaumont, Tex.; Chester, Pa.; Mobile, Newark, Seattle, Los Angeles. It was nationwide, and it all happened within the past fortnight.

In fact, as we go to press Detroit is a battlefield. Americans are fighting Americans. Twenty-four Negroes and whites have been killed, more than 600 have been injured. Gangs roamed the Negro quarters, wrecking shops, overturning automobiles, chasing any men and women who appeared on the streets. The President has commanded all persons engaged in "unlawful and insurrectionary" rioting to return to their homes. The troops have been called out to restore order. Meanwhile the wheels of war industry have been slowed down as thousands of workers stayed away from their places, fearful of risking the journey to the factories while the rioting was in progress. The Klan was riding again.

All this occurred in a framework of generally improving relations with the minorities; Negroes were being upgraded in war work; the vote on the poll tax in the House was heartening; the WLB had ruled equal pay for Negroes doing the same work as whites; Negro fliers had played an outstanding part in bombing Pantelleria into submission, bound to induce a reaction favorable to the Negro people's demand that their sons in uniform be accorded the conditions to participate at maximum in the war.

It was at this moment that the long-prepared work of the Axis revealed itself. Inexperienced workers, ignorant that they were doing Hitler's work, rioted against Negroes in Martin Dies' hometown, Beaumont. The zoot suit disturbance belongs in the same category, only this time the victims came from the large Mexican minority in the Southwest. (Consider the reverberations south of the Rio, where relations between the United States and our southern neighbors had improved steadily this past year. Consider, too, the reactions among the colored billion of Asia.)

We cannot, unfortunately, name the paid agents of Hitler and Hirohito who are undoubtedly part of the picture. Let us trust that the FBI has their names and is acting accordingly. But we can name those of America who are benefiting Hitler. We can put the finger on William R. Hearst, whose press has been whipping up animosity against the Mexicans and the Negroes in the zoot suit episodes; we can point to the dirty work of the poll-taxers in Washington; such bourbons as Representatives Starnes, Rankin, Byrd. We do know that the five Negroes shot in Chester, Pa. worked in Mr. Pew's Sun Shipyard which was on the eve of CIO elections, and we know that Pew is one of those industrialists tied up with the Lammot du Pont crowd who would rather negotiate with Hitler than win with Roosevelt.

THE outbursts against racial minorities are an integral part of the anti-administration, anti-war insurrection raging in the land today. They are tied up integrally with John L. Lewis' dirty work in the field of labor, and the destructive program of the congressional subversives in the field of price-control.

Truly, the domestic scene here is the weakest part of the United Nations war effort. This cannot be blinked. Labor—the AFL, CIO, and Railroad Brotherhoods—dare not delay another day: it is within their united power to break the insurrection. They must win through to unison to strengthen the hand of their Commander-in-Chief. The administration, too, must shoulder its responsibility, by acting vigorously and without hesitation. What, for example, has happened to Father Haas and the reconstructed Fair Employment Practice Committee of which he is chairman? Three weeks have passed since announcement of its reinvigoration—three invaluable weeks—and the new FEPC is still on paper.

Action, popular as well as official, is imperative. The fifth column must be cleaned out—from top to bottom. Unless this is done, and done immediately, Hitler may well wriggle out of the serious plight in which he finds himself. Our home front may supply him with the victories our heroic troops have denied him on the battlefields.

THERE is more than one way of spelling sabotage. Some spell it "race conflict." John L. Lewis spells it "strike." For the third time he has tied up the nation's coal mines. American bombers are crippling Nazi war industry. Hitler is doing the same in this country through John L. Lewis. He is being helped by the coal operators, who from the beginning have adopted a country-be-damned attitude toward the coal miners' just grievances. He is being helped by the bi-partisan cabal in Congress that sponsored and high-pressured through both houses the Connally-Smith strike-promoting bill. And he is being helped by his defeatist pals, the Hoovers and Wheelers, who are hoping to hogtie the administration's war program and clear the way for a negotiated peace and a pro-fascist President in 1944.

In this situation the majority of the War Labor Board have shown a deplorable lack of statesmanship and elementary common sense in washing their hands of the miners' demand for portal-to-portal pay. That is a consummation that Lewis devoutly wished for. The minority of the board, consisting of the four labor members, point to the casuistic reasoning of the majority in saying, on the one hand, that "since the parties have failed to agree, it becomes our duty under the national no-strike policy and executive order No. 9017 of Jan. 12, 1942, finally to determine this labor dispute," and on the other, passing the buck on the crucial issue of portal-to-portal pay to the Wage-Hour Administration. This actually places the majority of the board in agreement with Lewis, who has all along maintained that the WLB had no jurisdiction.

It is to be hoped that in responsible quarters, despite Lewis' provocations, reason and realism will prevail. The Connally-Smith bill, which a joint statement by President Green of the AFL, President Murray of the CIO, and President Robertson of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen describes as "the

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worst anti-labor bill passed by Congress in the last hundred years," should be killed by presidential veto. And the President himself, as Commander-in-Chief, should once and for all end John L. Lewis' war of nerves and settle the coal dispute. The coal miners, whose patriotism is being debauched by Lewis, must break with this Nazi-minded enemy of America. Their country comes first. And they can win portal-to-portal pay as the iron-ore miners have won it, without a strike.

THE majority of the House ran amok. It scuttled war agencies at the critical moment when the United States and its allies prepare an all-out attack on the Axis. The House action was tantamount to disbanding the air force on the eve of the European invasion. The nation has been challenged, the way of life for which we are fighting, is imperilled by legislators who, simply to assert a childish "independence," smash weapons without which we cannot prosecute the war.

The cancellation of funds for the domestic activities of the Office of War Information was nothing short of vandalism. But far worse, the attack on the Office of Price Administration bespeaks a deep cynicism toward the country's economy. As the struggle sharpens against John L. Lewis' insurrection, Congress acts as his ammunition carrier. By paring OPA appropriations one-fifth, it condemns a central agency to impotence. By forbidding roll-backs on food prices, it approves uncontrolled inflation. By ruling out grade labeling, it sanctions the looting of the consumer. It gives a go-ahead signal to racketeers of the black market. It bans standardization of food, clothing, or other civilian commodities. It brushes aside the advice of President Roosevelt, who warned that inflation could not be prevented without subsidies to hold down prices. It sanctifies business-as-usual by ordering OPA to staff its agency only with men who have had at least five years' big business experience.

THE job of defeating the congressional hatchet men is a big one. Six House and Senate committees prepared last week's debacle by badgering the OPA, by providing forums for every profiteer and finagler in the country. In the Senate, the defeatist Robert Taft and others like him introduced legislation forbidding subsidies, and advocated Herbert Hoover's "plan" to allow "gradual" price increases—inflation. Chester Davis, Food Administrator, suddenly stabbed at the administration by urging that food prices be geared to production—in other words, to "encourage" agricultural production by letting consumer prices soar uncontrolled. If higher inducements are needed to obtain adequate production, subsidies to the farmer are the answer, while consumer prices are held at rigid ceilings to prevent inflation from debauching our economy. It is against subsidies, quite logically, that the congressional junta aimed its heaviest artillery. The choice before the nation is now either to accept the President's carefully considered course based on the understanding that without subsidies inflation is inevitable, or to abandon the economy to chaos that menaces the prosecution of the war.

Fortunately there is a rallying point for the great majority of Americans. A coalition of eighteen congressmen, headed by Thomas Scanlon of Pennsylvania, Chet Holifield of California, Howard McMurray of Wisconsin, and Vito Marcantonio of New York, announced the formation of a "Committee to Protect the Consumer." They have called a conference in Washington this week to organize a program of action to achieve general price-control and rationing, subsidies and roll-backs. This committee deserves the most powerful and immediate support.

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OWM's Real Job

THE Office of War Mobilization is only a few weeks old. Perhaps it is too soon to expect significant achievements, and unjust to point out all the tasks it still has not tackled. Yet, in one respect, the OWM has already proved a disappointment. It was set up, to recall the President's executive order, "to establish unified policies for the maximum use of the nation's natural and industrial resources." In other words, OWM's main function is to plan. But just in this respect, Director James Byrnes has proved most hesitant. His press statements and his speeches all stress his willingness to handle jurisdictional disputes, to serve as a super referee. All very well—but Justice Byrnes performed that function as Director of Stabilization, and no new agency was needed for this purpose. What the war effort demands most clearly is integration, direction, a *planned* approach. Justice Byrnes avoids this obligation like a plague.

What was significant in the recent report on war production by Donald Nelson was the frank admission that even granting the "miraculous achievement" of 1942, there still is lacking "tight and well coordinated controls over resources," and ways and means to overcome chaos in production and slowness in reaching objectives. Mr. Nelson urged "looking ahead and planning the use of resources." The OWM was instructed by the President to do just this job.

It was also discouraging to find Justice Byrnes passing over the WPB's most effective production planner, Charles E. Wilson, to appoint Fred Searles as OWM's production adviser. In the past, Searles has favored the status quo of divided authority. So long as procurement control rests with the armed services and WPB is responsible for raw materials and other scheduling, planning is out of the question. Justice Byrnes continues old methods already proven unsatisfactory and chaotic. Moreover, the selection as Byrnes' aide of Bernard Baruch, suddenly a partisan of the procurement agencies, is not too satisfactory to those who are anxious to bring order into the confused production setup. And it is no less disquieting to find Byrnes expressing an anti-labor bias, particularly when he urged the passage of the Connally-Smith bill.

It is good news, however, that Donald Nelson has finally appointed two labor men as vice-chairmen of WPB. The inclusion of labor representatives in war agencies in an equal and responsible position has long been urgent. Whether these men can function efficiently depends on granting labor a voice in WPB industry branches, and on giving to the new vice-chairmen sufficient authority to get things done. Mr. Nelson's appointments call attention to the failure so far to draw labor into OWM. President Murray of the CIO has spoken up very sharply on this point. The more unitedly Mr. Murray's attempt to push OWM toward its main task of planning is backed by the labor movement as a whole, and by all win-the-war forces, the sooner OWM will buckle down to its central duty to plan.

Citizen Schneiderman

AS WE go to press, news comes of a great victory on the home front: the Supreme Court's decision overthrowing the revocation of the citizenship of William Schneiderman, secretary of the Communist Party in California. A lower court had ordered his citizenship canceled on the ground that the Young Communist League, of which he was a member when he received his final papers in 1927, advocated the overthrow of the government by force and violence. The Supreme Court's decision was five to three, Justice Murphy writing the majority opinion, which was concurred in by Justices Douglas, Black, Rutledge, and Reed. Chief Justice Stone wrote the dissent and was joined by Justices Frankfurter and Roberts.

We shall discuss this decision in greater

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detail in our next issue. A powerful blow has been dealt the "Communist menace" bugaboo which Hitler and his American allies have sedulously cultivated. Our congratulations to the Supreme Court, Mr. Schneiderman, Wendell Willkie, who ably argued the case before the highest tribunal, and to Mrs. Carol King, who also acted as attorney in the case.

Vanguardia Popular

COSTA RICA may be a small country but last week it witnessed a development which has great significance for the entire continent, as well as for the world. It saw how anti-fascists, cognizant of the imperative need to pull together for victory, sought to overcome old prejudices and to transcend outworn differences. Here is what happened: a recent national conference of the Communist Party passed a resolution to dissolve their party, but simultaneously founded a new one called the Vanguardia Popular, or People's Vanguard. The former constitution, program, organization, and membership were retained, without substantial alterations. Sen. Manuel Mora, who headed the recently dissolved Communist Party, pointed out in a cable to the June 19 *Daily Worker* that his party "was never the instrument of foreign forces, nor did it have postulates contrary to the national reality." He indicated that the dissolution of the Comintern did not fully succeed in shaking old prejudices among large sections of the Costa Rican people. "Thus," he said, "the change of name will help give the movement the features that really correspond to the present stage of the country's development."

Then Senator Mora recounted a development of utmost importance for the 110,000,000 Latin Americans, most of whom are members of the Catholic Church. Negotiations were begun with leaders of that Church, "aimed to achieve an alliance with the Catholic masses in the fight against totalitarianism and the fifth column." Archbishop Sanabria, Catholic leader of Costa Rica, responded with this declaration: "Catholic workers may join the People's Vanguard. Catholics must choose between the swastika and the cross of Christ. Nazism must be crushed."

Undoubtedly millions of Catholics on the continent are thinking hard about this event today. Certainly in Costa Rica they are. There, the popular urge is toward a unified central body of the workingmen and the peasantry; that will is being translated today into organization. It reflects the desire to implement, as far as possible, the "sincerely democratic policies of our President, Dr. Rafael Calderon Guardia," Senator Mora wrote. Thus Costa Rica is laboring toward the unification of all anti-fascist elements in its drive to help victory.

WE CITE this development in some detail for its obvious significance: it is more than a straw in the wind. History is moving toward the amalgamation of all democratic forces; new organizational forms to meet this requirement are being devised. Since the decision to dissolve the Comintern one month ago, we have seen several more developments in line with that of Costa Rica. Switzerland sees the immediate possibility of the affiliation of the Communist Party to the Swiss Socialist Federation; in other words, toward a monolithic, unified party of the working class. In Chile there is the possibility of a merger along broader lines, one that would include not only Communists and Socialists, but other democratic and anti-fascist parties and aggregations. All these developments run contrary to the decision of the British Labor Party Congress against inclusion of the Communist Party there. But the vote, in fact, belies the reality among the rank and file. There, where it counts most, the will is toward anti-fascist unity. That is the order of the day, and anybody trying to halt the march of history will ultimately find himself relegated to political oblivion.

Viceroy Wavell

THE name and personality of the viceroy of India have been changed. The outgoing viceroy, the Marquess of Linlithgow, embodiment of reaction, administrator of an out-dated imperialism at sharp variance with the necessities of the anti-fascist war, gives way to Field Marshal Archibald P. Wavell, who in turn will be succeeded as Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Front by Gen. Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. Both men are eminent as army leaders; the new viceroy is said to enjoy great prestige and popularity.

The question which immediately comes to mind is whether the new appointment will be made the occasion for the shift in British policy so desperately needed to mobilize India's full manpower and resources behind the war effort. Will Gandhi, Nehru, and the other Congress leaders be released from their places of detention so that negotiations for India's unity and independence may again be undertaken? Will far more concentrated attention be put on the problem of rehabilitating India's economy so as to create the material base for a vigorous national effort? Is it the intention of the British government, acting through the new viceroy, to grant full equality to Indians in officering the United Nations' forces? Is it, indeed, their intention to permit India to enter the war with its own army drawn from its anti-fascist citizens regardless of occupation, geographical location, or party, class, or religious affiliation? The cardinal interest of the anti-Axis world with regard to the Indian question is to see that nation fully mobilized. The condition for that mobilization is for the new regime exactly what it was for Wavell's predecessor, the immediate formation of a provisional government of India looking toward full constitutional independence at the earliest opportunity.

It has been suggested in some American comments that rather than indicating a liberalization of conditions in India the new appointment points the way to the imposition of a military regime upon the existing traditional policy of imperialism-as-usual. We strongly hope that such an interpretation is false and that the presence of a military man as head of the govern-

Peril of Anti-Semitism

WENDELL WILLKIE, in "One World," warns America that we are "witnessing a crawling, insidious anti-Semitism in our country." We agree with him. "New Masses" has from its start been one of the leading proponents in this land to fight anti-Semitism. We believe the danger is all the greater today as Hitler's agents foment disturbances against national minorities in their desperate effort to split our nation's unity. We believe the anti-Negro, anti-Mexican disturbances are all part of the same picture.

Beginning in next week's issue, NM will publish a symposium called "Anti-Semitism in the United States and How To Combat It." Leading public figures of all parties will contribute.

The first of the articles to be published is by Earl Browder, who writes: "Anti-Semitism is a political question of the first magnitude for the entire world. . . . Under the banner of struggle against the alleged Jewish conspiracy to dominate the world, and its companion 'Communist conspiracy' to overthrow all existing governments and institute universal Bolshevism, Hitler, with his satellites and agents, has thrown the world into the greatest catastrophe of all history."

We urge you to tell all your friends of this symposium, to be certain we make these issues of NM the most effective weapon possible.

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ment will mean, as a minimum, the speeding of a major offensive against the enemy in Burma. It is believed that such an offensive could be undertaken this fall without in any way interfering with the land invasion of the European continent. But in order to avoid waste and inefficiency in time and in the use of available manpower and resources, two conditions must first be met: Chinese leadership must be fully incorporated into the planning of the campaign, and the people of India must be given the political and economic base without which their participation is bound to remain fractional.

When Japan "Defends"

PREMIER TOJO'S message to the recently concluded special session of the Japanese Diet stressed the preparations which had been made for the expected United Nations counterblows in the South Pacific, in Burma, and in China. On the seriousness of the situation, on the warning of the "more terrific" battles to come, Tojo spoke as though he were being deliberately alarmist, as though he were consciously weighing his words to prepare the people of Japan for momentous events. Except for promising a new offensive in China—an item never missing in Nipponese war talk—the emphasis was on defense and consolidation in preparation for anticipated attacks.

When Japanese militarists shout about defense, when they scream hysterical warnings of the imminent danger of encirclement, they are usually preparing their public for a new offensive. All the talk fed to the Japanese people in the summer of 1931 had to do with the threat of "attack" from the Chinese, particularly on the Japanese interests in Manchuria! A few weeks later Japan's Kwantung Army occupied Mukden and other key Manchurian points. During the next six years there followed increasing stress on the urgency of defense against the threat of Chinese Communism, the menace of Russia, encirclement from abroad. And each wave of defense propaganda was quickly followed by renewed offensives against the sovereignty of the Chinese republic and the independence of her people. Wilfred Fleisher of the New York *Herald Tribune* reminds us not only that Pearl Harbor was immediately preceded by Japanese warnings of the urgency of defense, but also that a special session of the Diet, then as now, had been called for the express purpose of hearing messages of this nature.

In view of the position in which the Axis now finds itself, with the initiative taken away from Hitler, it is necessary to take this latest barometer of Japanese intentions with the utmost seriousness. In the nature of things we cannot know where the Japanese offensive will come. Chinese leaders have repeatedly suggested that Japan was ready to open a second front against the Soviet Union and evidence of logic supports this view. But wherever the aggression may come, it can be answered only by the most rapid possible development of the offensive against Hitler, and by the continued strengthening of China's and our own Far Eastern forces within the limitations imposed by the European front.

Next Week

CLAUDE COCKBURN's dispatch from London, on the British Labor Party Conference of last week, was delayed in transmission and therefore did not reach us in time to make the deadline for this issue. It will appear next week.

Not Fit to Print

FOR deliberate falsification of events—and events which have been correctly reported in its own news columns — the New York *Times* last week indicated its ability to compete with the Hearst press. In an editorial on China (June 15) appeared the following lie: "The Chinese Communist armies are still standing aloof in the war against Japan and are still immobilizing some of Chiang Kai-shek's own armies." The editors of the *Times* know perfectly well that since the opening of the Japanese invasion a full six years ago, no Chinese group has fought more heroically or more effectively than the Communist armies, the Eighth Route and the New Fourth, together with the tens of thousands of guerrillas and partisans under their leadership.

Certainly the *Times* editors recall the reports issued last winter which indicated that the 600,000 troops in North and Central China under the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies—which had not received a single gun from the Central Government in over three years—had still been able to engage forty percent of all Japanese forces in China, account for more than 300,000 enemy casualties, take some 50,000 prisoners and capture or destroy an incalculable quantity of enemy equipment. Is it possible that the editors of the *Times* failed to read the Japanese communique run in their own columns on March 18, which stated that for the month of February the Japanese had been in 1,446 combat engagements "of which 356 were with Chungking troops and 1,090 with Chinese Communist forces"? "The total enemy strength engaged," the communique continued, "was 208,300, of which 97,000 were Chungking troops and 111,000 Chinese Communists." In other words a slightly larger number of Eighth Route Army forces fought three times as many engagements as the Central Government troops.

The seriousness of the *Times*' falsehood goes well beyond the matter of journalistic ethics. That editorial, indeed, might be included in the category named in a resolution of the American Newspaper Guild, which voted at its convention last week to assume "responsibility for exposing actions of the press destructive to the war effort and opposite to the best interests of the American people."

Rumania and Turkey

THE rumor that Rumania has put out a peace feeler and the fact that the Turkish government has recalled its envoy from Vichy are again indicative of the tense political atmosphere that prevails in the Balkans and the Near East. Rumania has suffered colossal losses on the Eastern Front. Her economy has been undermined by the Nazis and her people, under the iron hand of puppet Antonescu, are angry and rebellious. The whole prison house of the Balkans, in fact, stirs with bitterness. Undoubtedly the deepest currents in Balkan life run toward peace. But it would be the blindest folly to believe that the Germans would permit the Rumanian satellite to drop out of the war. Such an event would jeopardize Hitler's Russian flank. It would creep into the Balkans as a whole, particularly Bulgaria, and disrupt the entire rear of the Wehrmacht's adventure against the Soviet Union. Rumanian oil is also indispensable to the Nazi machine. In the context, however, of the mounting Nazi crisis, the Rumanian peace feelers are intended to stave off an Allied invasion, to delay the impending military blows against Italy and slow up action in the Mediterranean. The compromise peace offensive will be renewed in the next weeks with diabolical vigor. These peace overtures, as in the past, will find their central outlets in so-called neutral capitals where their origin can be camouflaged and where they can be widely touted in order to do as much damage to Allied unity as possible.

Events in the North African and Mediterranean theaters have unquestionably been studied with utmost care in Ankara

(Continued on page 8)

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GUEST EDITORIAL

by Morris U. Schappes

NOT A LIBEL

In England a few years ago a man collected substantial money damages by winning a libel suit against an anti-Semite who had called him "Jew." Some applauded the winner for having made an anti-Semite submit to the law against libel. I remember resenting the "victory" because I saw it as a defeat for anti-fascists. The fact was, it seemed to me, that both libeler and "libeled" agreed on a vicious premise: that it was evil to be a Jew. Since the winner could prove that he was not that evil thing, a Jew, the court awarded him the balm of money. The fascist had won. It may even have been that the winner had suffered materially for having been called a Jew; maybe he lost a job, or endured other discomfort. If he suffered the discrimination dealt out to Jews in England because he was being regarded as a Jew, of course he should have resisted. But he should have fought, or even brought to suit, those who took his job from him, or occasioned him the anguish and distress of segregation, exclusion, or other indignity. To combat anti-Semitism or any form of racial or national discrimination is noble; but to accept the premise of the anti-Semite is ignoble, and no judicial decision or jury's financial award can sweeten the ignobility. And it is worse than just ignoble; to accept your enemy's premise is to strengthen him.

I kept recalling my indignation at this "victory" as I read the press accounts of Jerome Davis' attempts to collect $150,000 damages from the Curtis Publishing Co. and Benjamin Stolberg because Stolberg, in the *Saturday Evening Post* for Sept. 2, 1939, had called Davis a "Stalinist and Communist." For four weeks the trial dragged on, feeding the still deep streams of popular prejudice against Communists, spreading the "Red-baiting" that had been turned upon Davis. The shameful truth was that both Davis and his counsel, Arthur Garfield Hays, on the one hand, and Stolberg, his lawyer, Louis Waldman, and the SEP's counsel, Bruce Bromley, on the other, *accepted* certain vicious premises about Communists.

One "character witness" for Davis testified that Davis was a liberal, not a Communist, and that Davis had "no idea of the application of Russianism to this country." (New York *Times*, May 18.) This witness should be disabused: American Communists do not want to Russify this country, and it does not help American-Soviet relations to continue to think they do.

Another "character witness," Dr. Sherwood Eddy, testified that Davis was a "loyal American who has always attacked the evils of Communism as I have." (*Times*, May 20.) This test of loyalty is one that Hitler would want applied to every American. May I invite Dr. Eddy, and Davis, and Hays, too, to reflect whether it is Dies and Kerr and Coudert and Tenney and Coughlin and such who, as notorious Red-baiters, are therefore distinguished for their loyalty to the United States?

A third witness, Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, testified that Davis "is a passionate devotee of liberty. I don't think that he could be a Communist." Another reason adduced by Fosdick was that Davis was a "sincere Christian." Many a Communist devotee and fighter for liberty has died devoted and fighting on the Eastern Front, and in Yugoslavia, and France, and China, and Norway, and Poland, and in our own American armies. Yet Arthur Garfield Hays put Fosdick's statement forward as "evidence" that Davis was not and "could not" be a Communist. As for the "sincere Christian": Waldman, attempting to counter Hays' argument, quoted Earl Browder to prove that sincere Christians can and do belong to the Communist Party. For Stolberg's counsel to quote a person whose views are so hateful to his client caused a passage of mirthless humor—but the quotation itself was a good answer to Hays.

Davis also allowed his counsel to use the same technique he had once resisted when Red-baiters in the American Federation of Teachers tried it: the use of evidence of action parallel to that of Communists on specific issues as "proof" of Communist control or affiliation. Only Hays used this device to claim that his client *disagreed* with the Communist Party on fourteen different items. Poor, hard-working Mr. Hays! Any Communist could have suggested a thousand! But where necessarily is the virtue in disagreeing with the Communists; and where is the vice in agreeing with them?

Supreme Court Justice John F. Carew contributed to the spectacle his amazing and ill-informed statement in his charge to the jury that "no man has a legal right to be a Communist" in the United States because Communists allegedly believe in the violent overthrow of the government! In this respect Justice Carew was perhaps only following Davis' witness, Rev. Dr. Halford E. Luccock of the Yale Divinity School, who had testified that Davis was not a Communist because he was "against the use of violence and terrorism." (By the Hays' technique of parallelism that would in my mind prove Davis agrees with the Communist Party on that point!) To the credit of Bruce Bromley, be it recorded, he objected to the judge's charge on this point, but Mr. Hays had no objection. The whole trial was, in short, an injury to the war effort in so far as it fed the forces of disunity and ignorance.

Jerome Davis had a grievance against Stolberg, undoubtedly. He testified that directly after the Stolberg article appeared he lost a $6,000 post with the NYA that had been promised him. Then he should have fought the forces that bar Communists from the government service. He was false to his own past and to many of his ideals when he embarked on a libel suit that accepted, as all such suits must, the premise of a Stolberg. Others have suffered because of Red-baiting, but they found more honorable ways of fighting it. The whole world is suffering this war because of Hitler's successful Red-baiting, but you don't sue Hitler for slander. Those who accept Hitler's premise of the evil of Communism and Stalinism tend to want to sue Hitler for a negotiated peace, rather than smashing on to his unconditional surrender. Why should Davis have wandered into that stockade of uneasy patriots who are uncertain whether they love America less or hate Communism more?

Maybe he saw the issue as a matter of fact: he was not a Communist, he had been injured by being called one, and he was even thinking of putting a Stolberg out of

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the business of Red-baiting. But the matter is not one of fact but of policy. The labor movement and our people as a whole are learning that the answer to Red-baiting is to denounce the premise first and set the record straight on the fact later. If you accept the premise, no amount of denial of Communist affiliation can be sufficient, since for the Red-baiting clan the only real evidence of non-Communism is a vigorous and active anti-Communism. This clan demands an active pro-Hitler policy, disastrous to American interests. If Stolberg's business has not been so good this year as it was in 1939, if he isn't now getting $1,500 per article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, it's because the American ideological consumer isn't in the market for the product in the way he used to be. But just when Red-baiting is becoming more obviously unpatriotic and bankrupt with every passing day and battle, Davis and Hays bring to trial a suit based on the vanishing false premise!

In war as in politics, strategy requires the definition of the enemy first, and after that the breaking of all ties with the enemy.

Davis failed to think through the implications of his tactic; so he injured our common cause of victory over Hitlerism. It is poetic irony that he couldn't convince the jury, which split and was dismissed. Jerome Davis has time now to decide not to repeat the miserable performance by refusing a new trial.

(*Continued from page 6*)

and it is not difficult to detect that Turkey, perhaps, is moving toward a belligerent neutrality against the Axis. Whatever the reason for the withdrawal of her ambassador from Vichy, the Turks have made the obvious calculation that the Allies now have the upper hand. No one can say what Turkish decisions will be in the forthcoming weeks but the drift of her thinking can be measured by a speech made a few days ago by Premier Saracoglu in which he spoke of strengthened relations with Moscow, reaffirmed the Anglo-Turkish alliance and the firm basis of Turkish-American friendship. His reference to Germany was, according to reports, significantly brief. And it is small wonder, then, that the Germans are displeased with the Turks. They have not yet forgotten the cordial reception given Winston Churchill when he visited Turkey directly after his meeting with President Roosevelt at Casablanca. Nor have the Germans in their military computations overlooked the fact that behind Turkey—in Cyprus, Iran, Iraq, and Syria—there are strong British armies. It is also apparent to them that the whole eastern end of the Mediterranean is being prepared for operations which may make Greece a battleground in the very near future. Of course, with Turkey on the Allied side, action against the Balkans would be immensely simplified. But what Turkey will do depends in the last analysis on the force and power which the coalition will display in attack. Her diplomacy may shift suddenly if Allied prospects seem better than good and she may commit herself to a decision which will add a new member to the United Nations.

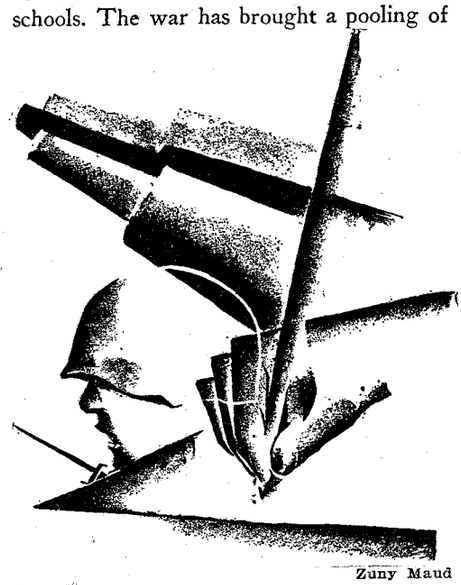
Allies in Science

IT IS good to see us carrying out our assurances of friendship with the Soviet Union by opening communications between our arts and sciences and theirs.

Through the visit of Fefer, the famous Russian-Yiddish poet, and Mikhoels, the great actor who heads the Soviet Yiddish theater, Americans may learn at first hand something of the Soviet Union's artistic accomplishment. Still more significant is the formation of the American-Soviet Medical Society, which inaugurated its activities on June 18 with a dinner in honor of the great Soviet surgeon, Dr. Vladimir Lebedenko.

Speakers at this dinner included leaders of professional and governmental medical organizations, notably a distinguished representative of the Negro physicians, Dr. George B. Cannon. Maurice Hindus, Dr. Lebedenko himself, and the Society's president, the famous physiologist Dr. Walter D. Cannon, also spoke. And the speeches added up to a tribute to the great achievements of Soviet medicine and a determination that in the future these achievements will be within the reach of American doctors.

For twenty years Russia has been forging ahead both in research science and in its application to daily life; nowhere else has the laboratory been so completely the servant of the people. Yet all this while, much of Russian achievement has been out of reach of American scientists, partly through the language difficulty but even more through the blind prejudice which denied that anything good could come out of the Soviet. At the Society's dinner, Dr. Thomas L. Perry, president of the Association of Internes, told of the flat denial of Russian contributions in our medical schools. The war has brought a pooling of some knowledge; we have contributed the sulfa drugs, Russia the blood bank. But there is far more to share. The American-Soviet Medical Society plans to act as a clearing house, through which Soviet medical works may be translated and made available to American doctors. At the June 18 dinner all speakers agreed that the future of our two nations demands cooperation. Here it is in a tangible form; a cooperation that will save thousands of lives.



Zuny Maud

Postwar Amity

FOR all its worthy objectives, Representative Fulbright's resolution to put Congress on record as favoring postwar international collaboration is a product of misty thinking and typical of the yawning gap between the desires of the people and their translation in the capital. The resolution as passed by the House Foreign Affairs Committee is a less than adequate contribution to the national will for close friendship among the Allies in the peace to come. Its vagueness stands in contrast with the results of the recent *Fortune* poll wherein eighty percent of the country indicated its interest in stronger ties, for example, with the Soviet Union. And its vagueness is also the peg on which many an isolationist will hang his hat and yell, "Me, too." That happened when Ham Fish supported the resolution without the least qualm that such endorsement was inconsistent with his insufferable attitude toward all our allies. Whatever Fish's motives may be, it is obvious that the resolution will inadvertently serve as protective armor in the isolationists' battle against collaboration.

Representative Fulbright deserves commendation for trying. It would at this point, however, be in the greater national interest if those in Congress who want to see real amity among the powers took a determined stand on a host of domestic issues upon whose outcome the progress of the war depends. If we gauge public opinion correctly, it dictates that our really patriotic legislators do everything possible to clarify our foreign relations by speeding victory through the strengthening of the home front.

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

BOLIVIA IN THE WAR

Washington.

A MONTH has passed since Gen. Enrique Penaranda, president of Bolivia, completed his good-will visit to this country. His presence created a great deal of confusion at the time, particularly in the minds of progressives. For the Bolivian president certainly could not be called "liberal" on his record, and yet he must be credited with the significant declaration of war against the Axis. Most pro-labor spokesmen resolved the seeming contradiction by pointing out that the Bolivian oligarchy—in which they included General Penaranda as well as the Patino-Aramayo-Hochschild owners of most of the country's industry, mines, and land—had used the forms of anti-Axis action to excuse a proclamation of a state of siege authorizing extraordinary oppressive measures directed against workers and their unions. The temptation, to which most commentators yielded, was to adopt a cynical tone toward Bolivia's entrance into the war, and to see Penaranda only as a pawn of reaction.

To some extent, this cynicism can probably be justified. Before General Penaranda arrived in Washington, the joint US-Bolivian Commission, headed by Judge Magruder, issued a report on its investigation of the domestic situation in Bolivia. The Commission painted a frightful picture of disease, illiteracy, oppression, low wages, unemployment, inefficiency, and military despotism. If anything, the facts were prettied up in an attempt to smooth over the worst details. To correct any misconception, Martin Kyne of the United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Workers, CIO, member of the Commission, wrote a supplementary minority report which gave an even more depressing account of Bolivian internal conditions. The publication of this second document was timed, whether deliberately or not it is hard to say, to correspond with Penaranda's arrival in this country. It told the full story of the horrible Catavi massacre by the military at the beginning of the year. It placed the blame for this butchery squarely on Penaranda's shoulders. The partisans of the President responded that he did not know anything about the order to fire on unarmed workers until after it had occurred. Be that as it may, his aides were clearly responsible, and the President continued these murderers in office.

Yet the tendency to condemn the Bolivian government as hopelessly committed to violent repression and reaction was inaccurate. Nor have those most eager to stress the persecution of labor been willing to point out the encouraging results of Penaranda's visit here, or even to report those factors that can strengthen the Bolivian workers' movement. Penaranda's main purpose in coming to Washington was to assure economic aid to his country without which Bolivian economy will collapse. Despite an active and extremely large fifth column, the Penaranda administration declared war on the Axis. Even granting that this move was at best a shrewd attempt to woo American support, nevertheless the declaration of war committed the Bolivian government to a course at variance with its former outlook. It is a gross mistake to think that a nation can orient itself toward the United Nations and away from fascist collaboration without at the same time strengthening the democratic forces within the country. Development of these forces may be slow, hesitant, difficult. But the basis for exploiting whatever democratic tendencies are present is enhanced—as the growing strength of the labor movement in a country like Brazil proves. So far as Bolivia is concerned, General Penaranda's shifting position while in this country indicated opportunities to the Bolivian people for forcing important concessions and allowing for significant gains at the expense of reaction.

TO GAIN the advantages anticipated by the Bolivian government when it declared war, production of tin, rubber, tungsten, and other raw materials so badly needed by the United Nations must increase. To accomplish this, efficiency must improve—and this clearly implies some alteration of unspeakable conditions now prevailing. The government can only overcome the debilitating results of the barbaric Catavi massacre if it allows the trade unions to function and to grow. Social legislation directed against the worst abuses now becomes imperative. And General Penaranda indicated that he has some inkling of these new needs of war. Opposing this trend are all the great overlords of Bolivian wealth and property—particularly the pro-fascist Patino interests in control of most of the country and underwritten by American corporations with imperialist ambitions, notably the Standard Oil Co. Even so, Penaranda grudgingly received delegations from the Latin American Committee of the CIO, and from the Council for Pan-American Democracy. He promised these groups to investigate methods to increase democratic liberties and to better workers' conditions.

In addition, Penaranda met with Jose Antonio Arze, defeated presidential candidate in 1940, chairman of the progressive Partido de la Izquierada Revolucionara (PIR). Not so long ago, Mr. Arze had been held in a Bolivian jail as a political prisoner. Later he came to this country where he lectured at Williams College, and more recently moved to Washington. On Penaranda's arrival here, Arze addressed an open letter to the President in which, as leader of Bolivia's anti-fascist party, he called on Penaranda to break with the Patino interests and "instead of harrassing the workers' organizations, cooperate with them in the economic reconstruction of the country." He proposed a program granting full freedom to the labor unions, with labor represented on the Bolivian Development Corporation set up to plan the productive economy of the nation. He urged immediate and practical measures to meet pressing problems of sanitation, food, clothing, housing, and the readjustment of wages and salaries. "The declaration of a state of war between Bolivia and the Axis . . ." the open letter continued, reflected "popular sympathy in Bolivia . . . for all the peoples fighting against the Axis." But the state of war must not become an excuse to permit the "big mining companies, under the present emergency . . . to strangle the country," or to become "a simple war against the civil liberties of the citizens."

After the conference General Penaranda issued a written statement promising Arze a safe "return to the country at any moment you wish and . . . you shall enjoy the fullest guarantees for the exercise of your legal rights." The President also agreed not to place further obstacles in the way of the PIR's energetic fight against fascism. "All that my government and the whole nation wish is to aid in the triumph of the United Nations." He pledged himself to "study the feasibility" of granting active participation to the working class in government agencies dealing with production. He stated that democratization of the government will be encouraged, and trade unions will be allowed to function.

Of course, these are promises on paper,

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but the significance of Penaranda's willingness to commit himself cannot be overlooked or glibly dismissed. In this respect, American unions and progressive organizations are given new opportunities to aid the Bolivian people. General Penaranda desires to maintain close relations with the United States. He will therefore be unwilling to interfere with growing labor unity between Bolivia and this country, or at least hesitant in trying to prevent such unity. The CIO is already on record for unity with the CTAL, headed by Lombardo Toledano, with which the Bolivian unions are affiliated.

Exactly at this point our own domestic reactionaries step in to frustrate unity and prosecution of the war. Ernest Galarza of the Pan-American Union, along with Gardner Jackson and other such Red-baiters as Matthew Woll, James Carey, and their friends within the Board of Economic Warfare and elsewhere have dedicated themselves to preventing international trade union unity. They brag that they "ruined" Lombardo Toledano in this country. Interestingly enough, when President Penaranda arrived in Washington, this group, using Galarza as its spokesman, publicized every reactionary incident in Penaranda's past but obscured any recent change in attitudes or shifts toward a more progressive position. By stressing the past, the Galarza clique tried to discount the present and the future, and attempted to give the impression that nothing can be done to improve the conditions of the Bolivian people. The tactic smacks of Trotskyist disruption: the group denounces Lombardo Toledano and Penaranda in the same breath, dredges up every misdeed of the past, and refuses to recognize the changing present. These "friends of labor" thereby weaken unity, and in this case hurt the Bolivian unions as much as the Patino-fascist interests have.

There is nothing unusual or new about Trotskyists and their sympathizers prattling ultra-left sentiments to defeat rising militancy or to destroy unity and progress. Galarza, who violently objects to identification with the Trotskyists—just as does Gardner Jackson who gathers around him every anti-Soviet, anti-progressive, Red-baiting, and Trotskyist spokesman—nevertheless plays their game. His energy, along with Jackson's, is spent trying to "warn" Vice-President Wallace against "dangerous" Lombardo Toledano, and in trying to misrepresent and at any cost to impede trade union unity in this hemisphere.

To most observers in Washington, the visit of General Penaranda opened possibilities to strengthen democratic movements not only in Bolivia but throughout Latin America. When a nation, no matter what its initial outlook, declares war on the Axis, the result cannot fail to strengthen the people's forces. The lessons learned from General Penaranda's stay here show what can be hoped for from the visits of other Latin American leaders. Incidentally, a good deal of the present confusion among our hemisphere neighbors can be traced directly to the pro-Franco appeasement policies of the State Department. No doubt this so-called "shrewd" position has strengthened reaction in Argentina, just as it has played into the hands of the fifth column in Brazil, in Bolivia, everywhere. But aside from correcting fundamentally mistaken and harmful attitudes in our foreign relations, the strongest contribution to democracy in this hemisphere and therefore to the Good Neighbor policy, is the realization of unity with the CTAL and its leader, Lombardo Toledano. The CIO has already approved such unity. Now the policy needs to be translated into action, for thereby the labor movement of this nation can strengthen fellow workers in Bolivia and in the rest of Latin America.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

NO QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

SINCE March, when the Red Army was still reconquering cities and towns in the Kursk salient and in the Kuban district, and while the German army was conducting its counter-offensive against General Vatutin's army group southwest of the Donets, the Soviet communiques have invariably announced that "no important changes have occurred at the front." The one exception was the Soviet capture of Krymskaya in the Kuban.

But does this actually mean that from the standpoint of actual combat a lull has been in effect over the Eastern Front for the last three months? Not in the least. Violent combat in the East does not cease for a moment, day or night. Thus, during the "lull" over the Eastern Front a Nazi plane was destroyed every twenty minutes and a Nazi died every minute. A Soviet plane was downed every seventy-five minutes. As to Soviet losses in manpower, figures are not available. They must run into several scores of thousands.

Now compare these "lull" casualties on the Eastern Front with those during the "lull" on all the other fronts: between the Barents and the Black Sea more of our enemies were killed and wounded than in the African battles since the Mareth Line, in the Southwest Pacific, around Lake Tunting, on Attu, and on the other fronts of this war.

AT THIS writing (June 21) the Germans have not begun anything of importance yet and the sands of summer are running fast. In 1941 they started the show on June 22, and were late at Moscow. In 1942 the Nazi summer offensive started on June 11 and was late at Stalingrad. Certainly the German General Staff knows all that. What, then, is delaying the push? The main reason, it would seem, is the inability of the Luftwaffe to acquire aerial superiority even in a restricted sector. Without this superiority the Germans are afraid to take even a desperate chance.

The Germans have not been able to acquire this aerial superiority for two reasons: the Soviet Air Force has been "ironing" its tactical airdromes and operational air bases for several weeks, mostly in the sector which the Germans had obviously selected for their big push, i.e., in the Orel salient. Thus the tactical branch of the Luftwaffe has been relentlessly pressed to the ground and was unable to accomplish its mission of blasting the way for the shock formations of the German land forces. The second reason, connected with the first, is that a certain part of the German fighter force had to be moved to western Europe in order to offer at least some show of resistance to the British and American air armadas pounding the industrial and naval establishments of Germany. I use the words "show of resistance" because such resistance has been rather ineffective and is being offered principally for home morale reasons.

However, there is another reason which has forced the Germans to wait so long in the East. And this reason is simple: they have been probing for a break for several weeks—on the Volkhov, on the Donets, and on the Kuban, but have been roundly trounced every time. They made attempts on a larger scale around Orel, but besides being repelled, they have lost to the Red Army a very important bridgehead northwest of Mtsensk. It is interesting to note that this position for the Germans was

(Continued on page 29)

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THE MAN WHO BOMBED BERLIN

THE DIARY OF SASHA MOLODCHY, SOVIET PILOT—PART I

JUNE 22: At the sound of alarm we lined up on the parade ground. The regimental commander and Hero of the Soviet Union, Lieutenant Colonel Balashov; made a short speech in which he talked of the gravity of a coming war, called upon us to fight courageously and staunchly. We airmen must fulfill our duty. Our regiment is a bomber regiment. The commander announced that there would be a battle flight at night and further information would be given later. We dispersed to prepare for flight. I am assistant squadron commander, junior lieutenant. I think I know my plane pretty well; I have been in training quite some time. Junior Lieutenants Garanin, Sadovsky, Solovyev, Nechayev, and Polezhayev, my pupils, excitedly follow me about asking whether we will be going up soon. Like me, they are impatient.

June 23: There was no night flight. Everybody flying today with the exception of Garanin, Solovyev, Sadovsky, Nechayev, Polezhayev, and myself. We are still too young! "Old timers" get preference. We are ordered to bide our time.

June 24: I was sent to a war plant together with a group of young pilots. We were receiving planes of a new type and will be merged into a special group. Nobody knows what this group will be. We asked the commander when we were going off on a bombing raid. His eyes opened wide: "Bombing raid? Have you mastered your material? For that matter, who is going to permit you to take off immediately in new planes? You'll have to do some sweating over them first."

June 30: We are training on the new machines. Day after day we have test flights. No signs of being sent off on a battle assignment. Are we going to be training until the end of the war?

July 6: Capt. Nikolai Gastello's plane was hit in an air battle over enemy territory. He piloted the blazing plane into an enemy column, dying the death of a hero. Captain Gastello preferred death to dishonorable captivity. His name will live in our hearts. I want to see the day of victory over the enemy. I want to live long. But if I am destined to fall in battle for my country, I would like to die the way Captain Gastello did.

July 23: I am reading about air battles and shivers run down my spine, my breast heaves with excitement. Will it be long before I get to the enemy?

Sasha Molodchy (right) with his close friend Sergei Kulikov

August 17: We've been merged into a special bomber regiment. The commander, a colonel, makes a pleasant impression. He's an ace, and his knowledge of aviation is perfect.

August 20: We have studies and training over and over. After all, there's a limit to our patience. We naively assumed that a special regiment would be carrying out specially important battle assignments. Instead we are back in the schoolroom. I am training airmen in civil aviation called up from the reserve. In peacetime I did this with zest. But now, it's more than I can stand. I am consumed with envy of those who go up in an army plane with a bomb load.

August 21: I handed in a report requesting that I be transferred to active service in the air force. The smiling colonel threw my report into a wastepaper basket and said: "Patience, my lad, patience. The war won't be over tomorrow. Our turn will roll around. I myself am eager to go up. Instead I've been ordered to fuss with you. Such being the case, I put up with my lot and obey orders."

"But take Victor Talalikhin, he's already a Hero of the Soviet Union," I cried, casting about for some argument. "He's a year older than I am, only one year older."

"One year can make a world of difference, Comrade Junior Lieutenant," the colonel answered. His eyes were laughing. "Here's hoping that within a year you will be flying. And if the war is over by then? Well, just take it that you had no luck. Talalikhin, Titenkov, and others are talented boys. That's why they were sent into battle. And what are you? In American aviation boys like you are still regarded as 'greenhorns.'"

I asked: "Have I your permission to leave the room, Comrade Colonel?" He said: "You have." And I left, feeling hot under the collar.

August 22: I want to write a letter to Stalin. Does he know that we young fellows are not being permitted to go into action? I wrote one, two, and then a third letter, but none of them seems to strike the right chord. Here, it is no ordinary matter. The letter must be convincing, short. "Dear Joseph Vissarionovich," I begin my sixth version: "Try to realize our unfortunate position. Please give the order that we be transferred from preparatory class." But here the question cropped up that slipped my mind when I sat down to write the letter. How was I to send it? Being in the air force, I have no right to send a report directly to the People's Commissar. That would be violating army regulations. Send it to the command? The colonel would be sure to call me out to headquarters and give me a good drubbing. "You puppy!" is what he would say. "How dare you take up time of the People's Commissar with your stupid reports? You're twenty years old. Why are you putting on airs? When I was your age I didn't dare approach the squadron commander with a report. We

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Sasha's Boyhood

The following biographical sketch of Sasha Molodchy came to us by cable from Moscow.—Eds.

SASHA MOLODCHY was a black-haired Ukrainian boy, very much like all boys his age. He loved to read Jules Verne and was absorbed in aviation, spending hours designing airplane models. Sasha would race down the streets of Voroshilovgrad on motor-propelled sleds of his own making—secretly hoping, of course, to catch the imagination of a certain girl.

With the unpredictability of youth, boys usually pass from one hobby to another. But "Sasha the Pilot," as his companions called him, remained true to his boyhood dreams. And today he is twice Hero of the Soviet Union, one of the finest of long-distance pilots, a Soviet ace, and the terror of Berlin, Koenigsberg, Budapest, and Bucharest. Out of fairness, however, it must be said that Pilot Molodchy is not extraordinary in his fighting unit. Indeed, he stresses this fact himself. And it would really be difficult to stand out in his famous air formation, where assignments to fly to Berlin are commonplace.

However, Sasha Molodchy had won some prestige in aviation when he was only fifteen. In that year he was awarded first prize at a national contest in airplane models. From models, he wanted to go over into the "real thing"—to soar above the clouds. The school he attended had a Gliders Circle, and he became glider pilot. At that time he was so small that he couldn't reach the pedals; special boot-trees had to be made for him. But his will power was long; within three months the small Ukrainian had become an instructor in glider flying.

The Molodchy family—his father was a maintenance worker—then lived in Voroshilovgrad, a suburb of Kammenybrod. As happens in most city outskirts, life was a bit more simplified and behavior more vigorous than in the city itself. Sasha's pupils were husky fellows, about twenty years of age. Knowing their none too gentle tempers, the small glider instructor concluded a gentlemen's agreement with them, whereby they promised not to cuff the instructor during the training period.

Before long Sasha lost interest in glider flying; now his imagination was fired by the idea of flying a plane with a motor. But where to get hold of such a plane? Here again the boy's persistence came to the fore. He persuaded two other boys to cooperate with him and the three of them set about building a plane. Nobody helped them—they were their own designing bureau, their own aircraft plant. At long last the plane was completed. All the schoolboys ran to look at it. It caused quite a sensation, and many grownups came to examine the work, including the school principal himself. It was actually an airplane with fuselage, wings, and all. The only thing missing was a motor.

The principal sent an engineer to look at the plane. Who knew, maybe the thing would fly once the motor was installed. The engineer examined the plane without uttering a word. All he asked was to be shown the blueprints and computations. The boys had made their calculations but they didn't go beyond confines of four-rules arithmetic, with the net result that no motor was forthcoming. However, the young aviators weren't downcast. On the contrary, they felt like conquering heroes and decided, in keeping with an old masculine custom, to "baptize their plane." Accordingly they obtained some wine and held a regular "banquet." In the midst of this picturesque occupation the school principal came across them. In a rage, he expelled the three inventors from school.

As you may have guessed, Sasha did not come under the category of a well behaved boy described in books for children. He was highly offended by the stringent punishment and when the principal soon after "forgave" the boys, Sasha did not return to school. He began work as an instructor in three glider circles and felt mighty proud at earning 180 rubles a month. Since there was no chance of building a plane of his own, the only other way to become a pilot was to grow up. But Sasha decided that would take much too long. He insisted on being accepted into the local air club, where he was trained to fly on a "U—2" plane. He easily mastered the art of piloting a plane but he was less successful in making landings. Accustomed to a glider, he just couldn't get his plane to land on three points, required by flying rules. Nevertheless, on the day of entrance exams to flying schools he executed a brilliant landing. That marked the beginning of his training period as a future aviator. In 1937 the seventeen-year-old junior lieutenant graduated from flying school with excellent marks. And in 1940 he was already a senior pilot.

will manage very well without your reminders!" I lay down the pen and crumpled up the draft. I'll have to let events take their natural course.

August 23: We besieged the colonel with requests to send us into action. He is no longer easygoing in his conversations with us. He is angry.

"You're much too cocky," he answered, screwing up his intelligent eyes. "I don't in the least doubt that many of you are brave lads. But remember: not every brave flyer will be a good military pilot. A certain theoretician said that airplanes of different types have their individualities as different horses do, and behave just as differently. An experienced pilot needs some thirty hours to master a plane of new design, and thirty days is not enough for you. Do you realize where you are serving? With a long range bomber!"

"But we've made a study of everything, Comrade Colonel."

"Everything?" he ironically asked. "I have my doubts, sonnies. I myself for that matter don't know everything. Well, let's see how much you know."

There starts a rigid examination: "Junior Lieutenant Molodchy, tell us about navigation, meteorological and aerological apparatus."

I started to describe it all, gradually growing angry. I happen to know the subject. However, I began to feel disconcerted under the colonel's penetrating gaze. The result is that I began to stumble and confuse my answers. Aviation is a pretty complex thing. Thousands of questions can be asked on that subject. The colonel imperturbably "probed" me from all sides. Whenever I made a slip the colonel raised his eyebrows.

"Just a minute. It's not quite so, my dear fellow. You don't know this. That's all there is to it. And here you're being cocky, calling yourself Mister Know-all. You need to do some studying."

I remained silent. He picked up a thick book in a blue binding from the table. "Listen to what intelligent people have to say. Are you acquainted with this book, *Your Wings*, by Assen Jordanov?" "I must make a point of reading it," I said, looking at the title. "What?" came from the colonel in a threatening voice. "Read it? No sir, nothing of the kind. Newspapers are read but textbooks are studied. You must know this like your prayers."

"Yes, yes, Comrade Colonel," I cried out, "but we have a war now, there's no time to spend nights sweating over books."

"It is precisely because we are at war that we must have trained pilots who know their business in the cockpit," the colonel answered. "Now imagine me permitting half-baked pilots like you to go into battle. Whom do you think you're doing a favor anyway? Now, what do I want of you, my lads? First class pilots who'll be able to fight with distinction and come

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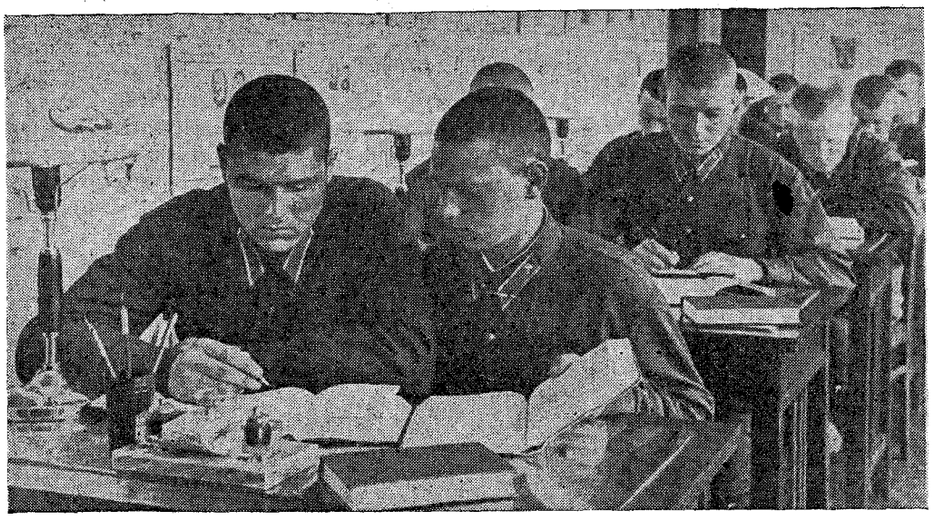

Members of the Chkalov Air Club—named in memory of the famous Soviet aviator

through the war alive, who'll be able to smash the enemy and suffer no losses in their own ranks. That's what you must aspire to accomplish."

August 30: We're studying intensively and conscientiously. In the evenings we check up on each other to see how much we've mastered.

September 1: A navigator has been attached to me, Senior Lieutenant Sergei Kulikov. He knows what it's all about. He's five years older than I am and has been flying for some time past already. He was decorated with the order of Red Star for bravery in action at Khalkingol. Also fought Finnish White Guards. Sergei knows the ins and outs of a plane and the technique of instrument flying. We became fast friends at once.

"Will we be taking off soon?" he asked me. "If they keep you too long from the line of fire, I am going to hitch up with another pilot."

"You won't have to, Sergei. Once they've given me such a navigator, I take it that we will be seeing action in the very near future. Tomorrow I am being given permanent aerial gunners and wireless operators and that will complete the plane's crew."

September 3: Training for night flights. What appeared easy in daylight now seems complex. You have a feeling of starting every maneuver anew. The navigator particularly insists on repeating maneuvers connected with forced landings. "It is not mere stunts," he says. "It's our salvation. Just imagine to yourself that our plane has been hit but it is still obedient to the hand of the pilot. The thing is to be able to land the plane on the terrain even though it is not suitable for the purpose."

"One would think, Sergei, that we are going to have forced landings every single day."

"I am assuming that it will be only once throughout the year," he replies. "But we don't know, Comrade Pilot, just when and where it will take place. And our concern, my dear fellow, is to execute the kind of landing where we will save the plane and ourselves too."

September 4: All day long I trained in the art of hitting a target. It's no easy matter! Sergei is simply inexorable—he forces me to repeat the same thing a dozen times. But it has to be done and that's all there is to it!

September 5: The situation at the fronts is grave. Dispatches from the Soviet Information Bureau about the evacuation of towns make the heart ache. In the mornings we gather around the loud-speakers to listen to the communique. Laughter is rarely heard in the dormitory. We feel far older than our years.

September 12: "Well, Junior Lieutenant Molodchy," says the colonel, "I'll soon let you have a go at the Germans. Bear in mind, Greenhorn Joe, that you are a test balloon. If you come out on top, I'll permit all youngsters to take off on battle assignments. Their fate depends on you."

I feel as if I'm walking on air. I dash in search of the navigator to tell him of the conversation with the colonel. Out of sheer joy, the navigator starts mumbling some verse.

September 18: Our assignment was to bomb a German garrison in the small town of P—. We flew singly. Sky overcast and sharp wind blowing. We flew blind. On reaching the area of the target we dropped to a low altitude. For twenty minutes we circled around but there was no sign of any townlet below us. It was just as if it had been swallowed up by the ground. How it could have happened is beyond us —we had passed over the townlet without dropping the bomb load. When it did suddenly stretch below us, we were so taken by surprise that we let our chance slip. The streets, jammed with troops, flashed below as on the screen. I could distinctly see tanks, trucks, two-wheeled carts, horses, vans covered with khaki-colored canvases, columns of soldiers in grayish green great-coats. It looked like a parade. The opportunity couldn't have been a better one for striking from the air.

Anti-aircraft guns were silent. What's the matter? Was it possible that they'd mistaken us for one of their own? On the outskirts of the townlet I turned about and emerged over the central square. The AA guns went into action and immediately thereafter all the guns and machine guns, anti-aircraft defense, started barking furiously. Shells burst all around, splinters whistled through the air. Waves of explosions sent the plane rocking. And still columns of infantry stood immobile on the streets and square. Nobody made as much as an attempt to seek shelter.

We didn't release bombs or bring our machine guns into play at once. They evidently think it is a scouting plane. All the worse for them. "Commander, take it a bit more to the right." The voice of the navigator sounded muffled through the earphones. I turned to the right. Once over the square Sergei would release the stick bombs.

One explosion after another followed. It was a direct hit. Panic was rampant on the streets. Soldiers and officers who were still alive dashed wildly into yards and alleys. What a pity I was alone! With another nine bombers, say, we would have made squash out of the Germans. Anti-aircraft gunners were in a veritable fury. The townlet was encircled with batteries. A whole fire of anti-aircraft defense was directed at me. As luck would have it, a cloud dispersed and the Germans had a good view of their target. In front, to the right, to the left—one solid wall of fire. Was it possible that they would bring us down? Was this to be our first and last battle flight? Under the fire I executed two turnings. I dived down and zoomed up. But it was impossible to slip through. I resorted to stratagem. I turned the plane on its wing and began to drop. The maneuver was successful. AA guns fell silent. Below they took it for granted that I'd been hit. When I was just about touching roofs of cottages on the outskirts, I straightened out the plane and abruptly ascended into the cloud. The Germans saw their mistake. Again AA guns went into action but now shells burst far behind and away from me. The plane kept climbing and a zone of fire was left behind. I felt light of heart. We were alive and unscathed. This is what you call "victory," that short sweet word.

We landed safely at our airdrome. On climbing out of the cockpit Sergei gave me a hearty handshake. Vasilyev and Panfilov hugged me in turn. Their eyes burned with excitement. "Congratulations, Comrade Junior Lieutenant, on your baptism of fire," says Panfilov. "From now on the devil himself can't scare us. Before

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you took off I admit that I was a little afraid. What a load off my mind now."

"Hold on there," comes from me sternly. I remembered how the colonel had pulled me down a few pegs for being boastful and it was more than I could do to restrain a smile. "Now don't get cocky, my friends. Our flight today was merely a lucky beginning. The exam still lies ahead of us."

"But the all-important thing is to begin," interrupted my navigator. "It will be smooth sailing now. Ye gods it will, Sasha! I predict a glorious future for our crew."

We examined the plane. My God, how it had been riddled! The plane's tail and fuselage punctured, countless bullet and splinter "wounds." The holes in the wings —a result of direct hits—are big enough to hold a watermelon. We were all dizzy with our first success. Why, only yesterday we were called "puppies" and not trusted with a plane carrying a bomb load. We feel just a little intoxicated. We exaggerate everything. Tomorrow when the excitement is over we will discuss things in a more sober light. In the meantime one thing is beyond dispute: we've earned the right to further flights. We are a "full-fledged crew." "Old timers" will have to make a place for us in the fighting formations.

September 19: Sure enough, it's just as I thought—having slept off the excitement, Sergei is again as hard as a nail. He has been going at me all morning. It appears that I executed an incorrect maneuver when heading for the target yesterday.

September 20: The colonel kept his word. All "youngsters" have been permitted to take off on a bombing raid.

September 21: First night flight over enemy territory. Bombed military objectives in town. AA guns shelled us when we were crossing the line of front and in the vicinity of the objective. I felt mighty disturbed. Bursts of explosions were close and it seemed to me that every shell fired from the ground was making straight for the plane. Every star on the horizon looked like the headlight of a fighter plane to me. Sergei behaved splendidly. He kidded me and the aerial gunners and wireless operators. "These are but blossoms, my lads," he consoled us. "Berries still to come."

September 23: Bombed a railway station in town. Headed flight.

September 24: Bombed railway station. Attacked by two Messerschmitts when approaching objective. Aerial gunner Panfilov opened fire on them and kept them at a "respectable" distance all the time. Maneuvering, I piloted the plane toward the objective. The bombs hit cars and locomotives. Columns of fire rose skyward. We head for home with enemy fighters accompanying us from a distance.

September 28: Bombed railway junction in town. Flew singly. It was a daylight raid. Furious fire opened by AA guns and machine guns. Fire was spitting all around plane. Aerial gunners, wireless operators, machine-gunned ground targets. Station enveloped in flames. Sergei released bombs with remarkable accuracy.

October 4: Night flight. Bombed an airdrome in town of V—. Operation successful. Junkers and Fokke Wulfs lined up on landing ground, destroyed by direct hits. Anti-aircraft fire heavy but I am no longer startled by it as I was during earlier flights. Sergei still grumbles that I "forget myself" when I am over the target—either I pilot the plane at top speed or at low altitude. "You give me a hell of a job," he complains. "Dropping bombs isn't catching rabbits. An *nth* of an inch off mark and the devil knows where they will land. Pull yourself together, my friend. If you don't mend your ways I'll report you to the commander and he'll give it to you good and proper in the pants."

October 10: I have become a nightbird. Daylight flights will henceforth be an exception. Under cover of darkness you can fly farther, bomb more successfully, and not worry about encounters with Messerschmitts and Heinkels. Last night a bomber airdrome in town. Huge hangar hit. Many Junkers damaged. Cisterns filled with petroleum set ablaze.

October 11: Fine weather. Bombed railway station in Ch—. Explosion and fires. After bombs were dropped, AA guns opened concentrated fire, making it difficult to maneuver. I was wet to the skin from the tension. Through earphones came the merry voice of the navigator: "You're improving. Today you've brought me right over the target just as it should be. Keep it up, my boy, and whatever you do, keep cool."

October 12: Bombed railway junction and concentration of trains scheduled to leave for direction of Moscow. Bombed from low altitude. Soldiers dashing out of cars enveloped in flames distinctly seen. Burst from two machine guns increased panic in the station.

October 13: Bombed motorized column on road. Cloudy sky hid target from view. Risked dropping to altitude of 200 meters. The navigator released a bomb load into the very midst of the column. A wave of explosions sent the plane rocking and that was about all. On the whole, the experiment of bombing at such a low altitude was successful. If need be, it can be repeated. I shall raise the question of revising established rules regarding the altitude for bombing. On returning to airdrome in the early hours of the morning I asked the navigator and aerial gunners whether they would consider making a second flight. "With pleasure," they answered in one voice. "A cup of hot tea and we're ready. Enemy columns are waiting to be dispersed."

PERMISSION was given for the second flight. Several squadrons to take off which I am to lead to the target. The take-off ground is soggy as a result of the rain. The plane's wings are covered with hoar-frost. This lessens the speed of the plane. But there is no time to pour hot water over the wings. It is decided to take off. I start the propeller humming. The plane lazily bumps along the runway without gathering speed and shows no sign of rising from the ground. We've already reached the end of the airdrome and the signal lights can be seen. Suddenly the plane, swaying, hangs in the air and then there is a terrific thud. Motors send off flashes of light, bluish-red sparks. "What's happened?" I ask the navigator. "Lord knows," comes from Sergei. "It looks as if we've hit something." I circled over the airdrome. It looked as if something was amiss down below. The propellers of the planes were humming but none of them taking off. I radioed the command post, asking what I am to do. "Planes can't take off," comes the answer. "Proceed with fulfillment of assignment. Squadrons that go up will follow you."

Upon reaching the area objective, I again dropped down to the altitude of 200 meters to release the bomb load. I kept up a hail of machine gun fire until I ran out of cartridges. This is unwise and a violation of the rules. Should a fighter plane chase after us, we wouldn't have ammunition to keep it at a distance. Here's hoping that sensible people excuse us. When you see the enemy below you, it is impossible to resist the desire to give him a scouring. We scanned the horizon, expecting to see squadrons any minute. We couldn't understand the delay. Columns came to a standstill. Oh, if only some hundred bombers would swoop down on them! Returning to the base I reported to the assistant division commander on fulfillment of the assignment and asked for permission to take off on a third flight.

"How did you manage to take off?" I was asked in headquarters. "Not a single plane was able to."

"Molodchy is a magician," said an adjutant, smiling. "He hypnotizes motors."

Permission was given for a third flight, but the engineer dampens our fervor. While we were making our report he examined the plane and discovered a dent on the wing. The propeller was badly scratched. It appears that when we were taking off we knocked down a telegraph pole and cut the wires. The plane is in need of repairs. SASHA MOLODCHY.

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THE HEART OF FOREIGN POLICY

Walter Lippmann's provocative proposals for a nuclear alliance. National interest and the future of international collaboration. The basis of relations with the USSR. A review by Joseph Starobin.

THERE is an unkind saying about Walter Lippmann, which I believe is credited to Mabel Dodge Luhan. It is that Walter was never one to lose an eye in a fight. Judging from his recent book * on American foreign policy, the amiable Mabel must have been thinking of an earlier Walter, for in this book, Mr. Lippmann has entered into the toughest kind of fight. More is at stake than any one man's eye, and more than meets the eye.

Lippmann has entered the 1944 election campaign with a book which is really a political instrument to unite the American capitalist class, and indeed, men of all classes and parties, on a workable foreign policy for America's future. What is at stake is not only the internal unity of the nation for a whole era, but the relations of America with the rest of the world, and particularly the United Nations. What is at stake is really whether the United States will realize its potentialities for the progress of humanity—and incidentally for the best interests of its citizens of all classes—or whether American policy will become an obstacle to that progress.

There is no mistaking Lippmann's purpose. In his very first sentence he implies the necessity of national agreement on foreign policy as the war comes to its crisis and as the 1944 elections already loom before us. It is his thesis that we will not have domestic unity until agreement on foreign policy has been reached. For the last forty years, he says, our policy has not been solvent. We have not understood the bases of American security. We have not balanced our national power with our national commitments and thus entered two wars unprepared, lost one peace, and stand in the danger of losing another.

There is no mistaking his purpose, either, when one considers that the usually rather recondite Lippmann, both in style and substance, has published a book which is getting advance distribution by a popular agency such as the Book-of-the-Month Club. Much of it has appeared in *Atlantic Monthly;* and students of Lippmann will recognize his ideas as having been developed at some length in a series for *Life* magazine two or three years ago. The reformulation and assembly of this particular volume is therefore quite deliberate. It is, moreover, not a history of our foreign policy, but a historical review: a "tract for our times." It is in reality a companion piece to Wendell Willkie's *One World*. As James Allen suggests in the *Daily Worker*, it is a reply to Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson.

Thus the standards by which such a book would ordinarily be judged are necessarily altered. In this respect it stands with other books which have become political events in themselves, such as *Mission to Moscow*. For it is possible to disagree with Lippmann's conception of history, with his analysis of our foreign policy even on very broad grounds, and yet to agree wholeheartedly with the importance and timeliness of his conclusions. And his conclusions are: first, that there must be national unity on our foreign policy; second, that the United States must recognize its alliance with Britain and the Soviet Union as explicitly as possible; third, that within a general framework of collective security after this war, a "nuclear alliance" with Britain and Russia—and possibly China—must be the heart of our foreign policy.

I HAVE already touched on the first point. Lippmann's whole thesis is that much of our domestic crisis has resulted from a failure to realize on what American security was really based, and therefore a failure to organize our power and our diplomacy to maintain such security. What he is proposing then is to gain an agreement on foreign policy, and place such an agreement above all future domestic quarrels and conflicts. The implications of this for 1944 are obvious. The reactionary forces in both major parties are clearly bent on a change not only in internal relations, but in America's role in the way the war ends, and America's participation in postwar affairs.

Second, Lippmann argues that our "isolation" of the nineteenth century was based on a misreading of what the Founding Fathers actually taught us; failure to realize the implicit, and unfortunately never fully announced, reliance on the British fleet for the security of our hemisphere. Our Founding Fathers, he says, brought the nation into being by means of alliances. They took advantage of the relationship of forces among the great powers who could have suppressed the United States had they not been occupied in their own preliminaries to the Napoleonic Wars. The Monroe Doctrine was almost a joint doctrine with Britain; the commitment we made to defend the entire hemisphere could never have been fulfilled without reliance upon Britain. The fact that the American people did not know this does not make this less a fact, for Monroe, Madison, and Jefferson knew it.

Moreover, whenever we have been threatened by a centrally located European power such as Germany, we formed alliances with both Britain and Russia against that centrally located power. And after 1899, with the annexation of the Philippines and our commitment to the future of a united, independent China, we had a most intimate concern with the friendship of Russia against any possible menace from

* U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. Shield of the Republic. *Little Brown. $1.50.*

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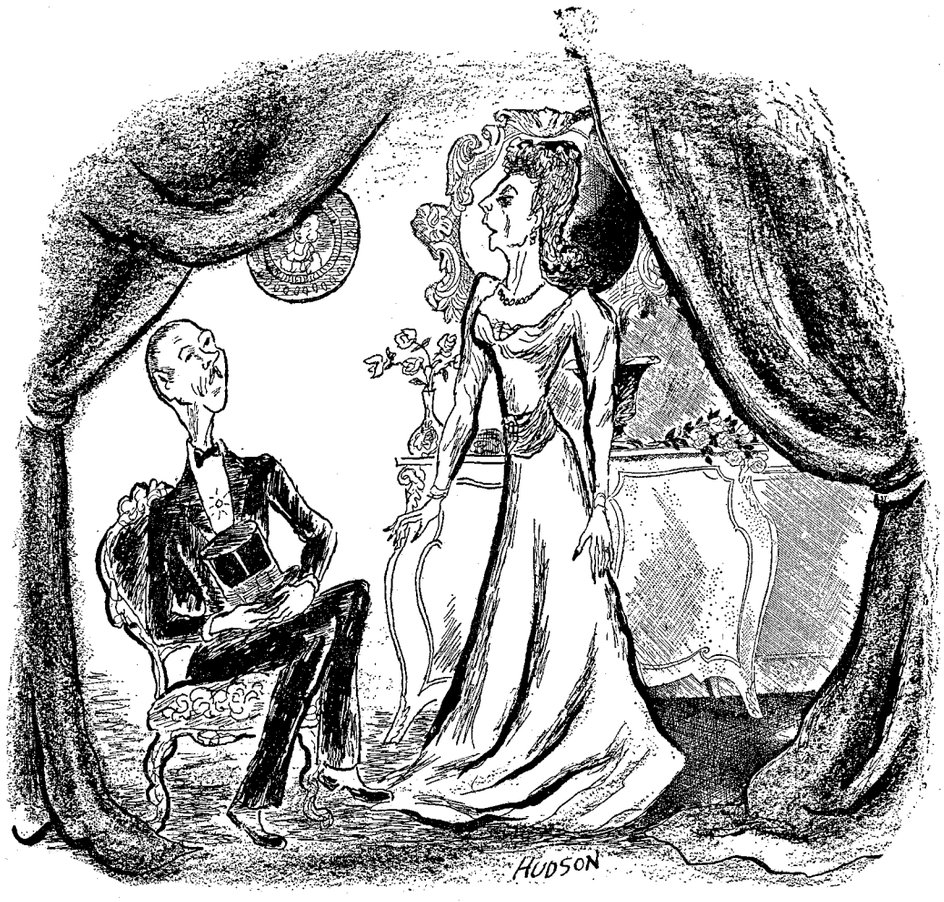
the Pan-Asiatic ambitions of Japan. All of this has become amply clear in the present war, says Lippmann. But failure to appreciate it lost us the first peace, almost lost us this war, and must be understood for the future.

As for the future, Lippmann's reasoning becomes rather more condensed. Too much of the book is given over, in fact, to develop his earlier points. In his opinion, this war must see the eradication of Germany and Japan as first class industrial powers. They will remain nations, but never again first class powers. As far as Europe is concerned, he proposes that Britain and Russia must settle affairs in such a way as will not require American force to uphold the peace settlement. By that he means that there must not be any "balance of power" politics, any attempt as after the last war, to reestablish Germany against Russia or Great Britain. There must be no "cordon sanitaire." Any such effort, he says, will only inflame Russia without stopping her from nullifying such a cordon sanitaire. Moreover, it would jeopardize the world relations of the nuclear alliance. Third, the Soviet Union must remain substantially within her historic borders. The smaller countries of eastern Europe must be neutralized as political factors, and cease playing off the great powers around them. A cardinal aspect of Lippmann's conception of a stable Europe based on Anglo-Soviet friendship is that socialism must not extend to central or western Europe. For he believes that a socialist Germany would soon overpower socialist Russia, and that a Soviet-German alliance of this type would jeopardize the Atlantic community, based on Britain and the United States.

As for Asia, the picture is more uncertain and fluid. There are chances of real stability in Europe; but Asia is only at the beginning of a long train of upheavals, involving the industrialization of China and the probable emergence of most of the semi-colonial countries as independent nations. Lippmann therefore indicates, while frankly declining to go further, that the American interest in the Far East is the reduction of Japan to a second class power, cooperation with Britain on the basis of considerable changes in the colonial system, cooperation with Russia on the basis of the unhampered development of China along non-Soviet lines.

WHAT we have here then is a shrewd, closely reasoned, tightly organized proposal for the future of American policy, based on a careful study of our past and a sober estimate of probable realities in the future.

Lippmann is frank to admit, however, that in respect to the Soviet Union he has only indicated the main lines of his thought. Our relations with the USSR have yet to be fully defined. But he is emphatic on the necessity of defining them on the basis of guaranteeing peaceful relations between the two countries. In Asia basic changes are impending, and only the broadest lines of policy can be indicated.



"I don't see why they call Hoover an appeaser—he certainly didn't appease the Bonus Marchers."

From such a brief summary, the importance of the book will be obvious. And it will be equally obvious that one's disagreement with Lippmann's conception will not minimize the frankest admiration for what he has done, and its significance in the coming battles on American policy. For one thing, Lippmann's review of our Founding Fathers' attitude toward alliances and war finally shatters the whole isolationist school of thought, supplies the intellectual rebuttal to the Samuel F. Bemis-Charles A. Beard school.

For another thing, his emphasis on the elimination of our present enemies as great powers—whatever one may say of this—has the merit that it stresses their complete defeat. Whereas the reactionary elements in American life, represented by the Hoover-Gibson book, *Problems of Lasting Peace,* are already fearful of the complete defeat of our enemies (Hoover and Gibson continually remind us in their book that enemies often become allies and vice versa in the process of war), Lippmann is of that trend which is prepared to see the war through to a finish, involving the destruction of German and Japanese power. Unless we do that, he says, we cannot have a real alliance with Russia and Britain: any attempt to revive our enemies against our friends, as happened after the last war, will be as suicidal for us as it almost was for Britain in 1940.

Finally, what is most important in Lippmann's thinking is his conception of a concert of nations, as the backbone of collective security, in which the great powers treat each other as great powers and as equals. While Lippmann's inspiration may derive from the post-Napoleonic period, the fact remains that he commits himself to a world alliance, in which the world's most powerful capitalist states and the first socialist state enter a period of indefinitely harmonious and cooperative relations. From the viewpoint of the American labor and progressive movement, and from the viewpoint of the whole liberationist, advanced popular forces in Europe and Asia this new appreciation of the Soviet Union's world relations can only be welcomed. Here are clearly the outlines of the next stage of human affairs.

When the capitalist circles among whom Lippmann is fighting for a clear policy accept this thesis of peaceful cooperation between themselves and the first socialist

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state, and postulate their whole future policy on this, obviously the labor and progressive movement can only see in this a coincidence with their own interests.

Obviously the conditions for the fullest flowering of the labor movement, for all democratic and socialist action, lie within the framework of a concert of nations in which Russia, Britain, and the United States treat each other as equals.

HAVING said this, I think it is still possible to question one or two aspects of Lippmann's thought. He was not, of course, writing a rounded history of American foreign policy. Nonetheless, the analysis he makes of American relations with Britain has some definite shortcomings. There is no doubt of the validity of his main point, namely our reliance upon Britain in the nineteenth century as the unwritten premise of the Monroe Doctrine. But that is only one phase of American policy. The fact is that there is also a long record of conflict with Britain. This is not a matter of temper as he interprets the dispute between Olney and Salisbury over the Venezuelan boundary in 1896. The truth is that the United States, while dependent on the British fleet, has striven to make itself independent of that fleet by surpassing British power on the high seas. Interwoven with this is the emergence of American financial and commercial interests, constantly seeking at least an equal share, and ultimately a dominant share, of the economic opportunities in Latin America, in the South Pacific, and in fact everywhere in the world.

To paint the Washington conference of 1922, in which a good share of the American fleet was scrapped, as a mere mistake, is to overlook the fact that it was at this conference that the United States finally asserted its parity with the British Navy, something over which Wilson and Lloyd George had quarreled bitterly three years earlier, and something toward which the whole of American policy from the 1880's on had striven to accomplish.

Certainly I am not for stressing this aspect of Anglo-American relations; but in any fully rounded historical analysis it cannot be overlooked either. Likewise, to say that the United States had no foreign policy in the last forty years because we did not appreciate the implications of our commitments and refused to provide the power to discharge those commitments is also worth examination.

Perhaps the apparent absence of a foreign policy was itself a foreign policy. It seems suicidal today that the United States denied itself the fortification of Cavite at Manila, or Guam, or Wake Island, while turning over the Marshall and Gilbert islands to Japan. It seems suicidal that we did not unite with England in 1931 to halt Japanese aggression; it seems incredible that the United States did not intercede and throw its power behind collective security before the Munich agreement.

But perhaps that deserves a more subtle explanation than merely the one which Lippmann advances: namely national blindness, forgetfulness, lack of foresight. There may have been other calculations animating American policy in that period. The fact that those calculations proved illusory and ruinous does not make them less a part of a foreign policy.

AND a final comment. I think we can all share with Lippmann the conception that relations with the Soviet Union must be based not on ideological considerations but on considerations of common interest. Russia is a great nation. Every effort to treat her otherwise has led the Western world to disaster. It is therefore common sense not to try to repeat such disasters in the future. Agreed, also, that our relations with Russia have always been based on the conception that she is our friend because she is the enemy of our enemies. That is a workable idea and can be of the greatest value in overcoming prejudices against Russia in our own country.

But there is a deeper aspect to the matter. Russia does not threaten our security, and in fact contributes to it, because her social system makes her fundamentally non-aggressive. She is wrapped up in her own social construction and reconstruction, not only because she is vast and had been so backward, but also because socialism gives her ever-expanding internal opportunities, which do not depend on expansion beyond her borders. There are thus limitless opportunities for trade between herself and her fellow great powers; in fact the only trade which was really profitable for the United States in the past ten years was trade with Russia, since nothing that we sold her was ever used against us, as in the case of Germany and Japan.

But this would be true of any socialist country, or any country in Europe on a truly democratic foundation. If socialism had succeeded in both Germany and Russia twenty years ago it would have been true of both countries, and the whole history of the past two decades would have been different. The importance of understanding Russia's inherent non-aggressiveness bears on the problem of the future of Germany. In Lippmann's analysis, Germany must be reduced to a minor power, although not necessarily divided up or destroyed as a nation. He has in mind the reduction of Spain after the sixteenth century, or of Portugal and Holland, all of whom remained nations, but never became first class industrial nations.

Underlying his conception of relations with the Soviet Union in Europe is the thesis that Germany will be deindustrialized: she will never again be powerful enough to menace either Britain or the USSR. She must not retain her industrialization since any relations with Russia of even a democratic Germany would either swallow up Russia, or present a German-Soviet colossus to menace the Atlantic community.

The trouble with all this is that there is not necessarily a causal relation between Germany's magnificent industrial plant and the aggressiveness which has inflicted two wars on humanity in twenty-five years. For Lippmann and the circles to whom he speaks, the idea of eliminating Germany's industrial plant may seem to be the way to solve the "German problem," and also provide a basis for real relations with the Soviet Union. This same idea also impels Lippmann to stress the necessity of a complete defeat for the Axis. But it may be dangerous in that it denies the fundamental right of self-determination to the German people. I would also raise the question of whether it is possible or necessary to destroy the industrial equipment of the German people once fascism has been extirpated. For it may be that a truly democratic Germany would present that vital quality of non-aggressiveness which would never threaten either the Soviet Union or the Atlantic community.

In other words, Lippmann's failure to appreciate this inherent non-aggressiveness of the USSR may possibly lead him to a dead end when he comes to the solution of one of the war's central problems: the destiny of Germany. Much the same point can be made for Asia. An industrialized China on new foundations of internal organization need not necessarily present any kind of aggressive menace to the United States or the rest of Asia in the future. Lippmann would have to think more deeply into the problem of what causes aggressiveness for us to develop a real discussion of this very vital point that he raised.

However that may be, what we have here is a fertile and extremely provocative thesis, elaborated by one of the country's most influential thinkers and directed to a solution of some of the most immediate and crucial issues of American politics. It is a bold step and extremely encouraging that the issue of American policy has been placed on the very high level that Lippmann places it. It therefore deserves the widest and most serious attention.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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UNION MEN: 12,000,000 SOLDIERS

Louis Budenz surveys the giant force of American trade unionism, the "backbone" of the war. John L. Lewis' conspiracy. . . . First article in a series by various authorities on organized labor.

"ONE million and more" is the terse but proud report of its membership recently made by the United Automobile and Aircraft Workers Union, CIO. This total is impressive. It makes of the UAW the largest labor union that has ever existed in America's history. Our country's supposed penchant for the "biggest and the best" is now being expressed in the field of labor organization, although the superlatives in this respect are always tempered by the existence of even larger unions in the Soviet Union.

The 1,100,000 men and women who now constitute the UAW represent a far cry from the labor scene of a mere decade ago. Then the entire trade union movement could scarcely count up more than 3,000,000 members. Then there still existed by and large what the Lynds had written on the labor unions in *Middletown*, of their decayed and disintegrated condition in many industries, of their inability even to get up a good-sized demonstration on their own behalf.

The million and more in the union ranks in automobile and aircraft are in striking contrast even to nine years ago, when the Toledo Auto-Lite strike began to re-form unions in that field. At the South Bend convention which gave birth to the United Automobile Workers as a national industrial union, 35,000 was the maximum that could be mustered in the claimed membership of the new-born organization.

The figures in this case, amazing as they are, form a sort of measuring rod of the general growth of the trade unions, particularly in the heavy and wartime industries. The International Association of Machinists, which has now withdrawn from AFL affiliation because of the grab-it-all game of the America Firster William Hutcheson of the Carpenters, has added scores of thousands of new members to its ranks. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, captained by Daniel Tobin, has marched to the top place among affiliates of the older federation. To such organizations as the United Steel Workers and the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers Union in the CIO, the religious words of creation have to be applied. They have been made "out of nothing" into their present memberships of 800,000 and almost 500,000, respectively.

AMERICAN labor now has to be counted in legions. It represents a power in the land, a power that has been in reality the "backbone" of this people's war which our distinguished commander in the Pacific area has termed it. The 12,000,000 members of all sections of organized labor and their families are constantly mentioned in labor organs as a force that can be a determining one in American life. Such references run through the latest pages of such a sedate publication as *Labor*, organ of the standard railroad unions, over to the lively weekly issued by Local 65, United Wholesale and Retail Workers Union, CIO.

You can go into almost any local union in the war industries of today and realize from their deliberations and discussions what a salutary influence for the winning of this anti-Axis war this powerful labor movement has proved to be. Out of that local union, multiplied by thousands more, has come the no-strike pledge and (by and large) its fulfillment. From that union has emerged the backing for the roll-back of prices and for the second land front in Europe, no matter how the defeatists howled.

It is to this strong labor movement that America is hugely indebted for such progress as has been made toward victory. Where indeed would President Roosevelt's offensive plans against the enemy and his commitment to coalition warfare have gone had it not been for the manner in which labor has upheld the hand of the Commander-in-Chief?

One dramatic instance will illustrate eloquently what the growth of the unions has brought about for the good of America. The June 20 that has just passed was the second anniversary of a big event in American labor annals. Though it is now far overshadowed by commemoration of the treacherous assault upon the Soviet Union two days later, it is a date to be remembered in its own right.

For it was on June 20, 1941, that the huge Ford empire was signed up in toto by the Congress of Industrial Organizations. That event represented a mighty triumph for the organization of the unorganized, the planting of the union banner on one of the largest and most stubborn citadels of the open shop. But more than that, it was a political victory for the workers and the nation. Ford's works had been notoriously and internationally recognized as a seat of fascist hopes in America. When unionism took this anti-union stronghold of Dearborn by storm, it weakened tremendously the Axis-aiding forces in our country and added to the strength of those who stand for unconditional surrender in the people's war.

It is little wonder that such a tower of strength for the war effort as the labor movement should be a chief object for destruction by Hitler's helpers in the present crisis for the Axis powers. For that reason John L. Lewis has become, as Earl Browder so aptly put it to the National Committee of the Communist Party, "the key figure and the spearhead of the anti-war diversion" now imperilling America's home front and therefore endangering America's whole participation in the war.

THAT the Lewis conspiracy to hobble war production is part of a wider conspiracy by the fifth column is to be observed in the galaxy of defeatists who have gathered to his defense. The Chicago *Tribune* and Westbrook Pegler take their place by his side. The Hearst press and George Sokolsky, the columnist who went to Weirton to help block the CIO there, are among the Lewis apologists. The Eastern Ohio Coal Operators Association poohpoohs the seriousness of any coal stoppage. The West Virginia Chamber of Commerce rushes to the defense of Lewis and his shutting down of production. Were there any point to doing so, the list could be much enlarged.

That Lewis, on his part, aims to throw all labor into commotion, is brought out by his "guarantee" to the American Federation of Labor leadership, disclosed in the current press, that he will bring the United Automobile Workers and the United Rubber Workers into the AFL as hostages of Hutcheson-Woll and America First ambitions. There is many a slip, of course, between the Lewis lip on this subject and the cup of delivering the goods in the case of the UAW and the URW. But it is not to be overlooked that George Bass of Akron, an avowed Lewisite, stirred up a walk-out of some proportions in that rubber city which brought thousands of members of the United Rubber Workers out into the streets in violation of labor's no-strike pledge. It is also to be observed that at the fateful moment of May 1—when Lewis first pulled out the miners and the President was about to appeal to them to return—a resolution, backed by Walter Reuther and his henchmen, passed the Wayne County Council of the UAW applauding in effect the Lewis insurrection. It is likewise in the automobile industry and in Detroit that the first good-sized Ku Klux Klan provocative walk-outs against Negroes took place, in the Hudson and the Packard plants.

Lewis and his colleagues in fifth columnism are counting beyond doubt on the uninformed and untrained character of many of the new union members, so far as unionism is concerned. Fully 400,000 new members have entered the UAW alone

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during the past twelve months. So it goes, in larger or smaller measure, in all unions in the heavy industries.

MILLIONS of these new unionists are women, many of whom have never before been out of the kitchen. The streets of Los Angeles, for instance, can claim distinction from something other than the occasional presence of a Hollywood star. They are now crowded with women in welders' uniforms, with heavy lunch boxes and the air of industrial workers. They are women who are turning out the airplanes which have brought panic to Pantelleria and made ruins in the Ruhr. In the magic city of Camden, women are now more than sixty percent of the industrial workers in that ship-building and radio manufacturing center.

Among both men and women, there are many folks from the farms in this new influx into industry. There are Negroes, hitherto largely denied any place in industrial citizenship. There are southern migrants, who have already established themselves as a considerable part of Detroit's population, many of whom have received most of their knowledge of unionism from the anti-union daily press. These are fine new additions to trade unionism, giving to labor more and more contacts with the wider grass roots of the country. With many of them, however, their lack of past education and experience in what the labor movement is and how it acts leads many of them at first to associate the word "strike" almost inevitably with the concept of the union. A number of them, of course, will also have to have time to cast off old views partly at least out of line with the principles of the labor movement, old prejudices to which labor's best interests and their own are alien.

The rapid education of these workers into the basic ideas of trade unionism and the more rapid elevation of women and Negroes into positions of responsibility in the labor organizations are required of the patriotic trade unions. They are contributions to building the unions stronger; they are also decided helps to the nation and pointed thrusts against the Lewis conspiracy.

In pursuance of his seditious schemes to throw the nation's war economy into chaos and to smash the President's economic policies, John L. Lewis has begun his wooing of the American Federation of Labor. There he espies the hope of building up a pro-Axis bloc with Hutcheson and Woll, who have come forward as his sponsors in affiliation. The weak William Green has even given preliminary approval to the possible entry of Lewis into the AFL, and thereby has cooperated to that extent in strengthening an alliance of disunity and disruption which would be to the worst interests of the country.

There are many reserves, nonetheless, within the labor movement for combating

"You know John L., you and I make a couple of good strike leaders."

successfully these ominous threats to its strength and to the war effort. These have begun to reveal themselves in the many resolutions currently adopted against the Connally anti-labor bill which have also included the specific indictment of Lewis as having provoked such injurious legislation. This inner strength of labor was best shown in the enlarged national board meeting of the CIO at Cleveland, which set the pace for all its other acts by its resolution on the home front, in which it pledged to carry through all its acts under "the gruelling test" of whether they supported fully the Commander-in-Chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his conduct of the war. This has had one healthy postscript among many in the war emergency conference of the New York City CIO on June 16, which joined denunciation of the Smith-Connally bill with criticism of John L. Lewis' "destructive tactics." Five hundred thousand union workers, through their representatives, spoke out on this occasion.

Within the AFL, too, there are many signs that the Lewis conspiracy can be met with stiff and successful opposition. One of the most striking expressions of this kind was noted in the statement by Max Zaritsky, president of the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers Union, against admission of Lewis into the AFL with a warning as to its disruptive and seditious fruits.

One glance at the news of each day will reenforce the obligation which rests on the labor movement to exert every sinew in the job of beating down the fifth column attempt on labor's life and on the life of the nation. We read, with each issue of our daily papers, of racist riots in key production centers, of the continued machinations of Lewis and his lieutenants, the over-time conspiracy to smash the roll-back of prices, along with "Japan first" drivel and assaults on *Mission to Moscow*.

It is beyond quibble that these injurious occurrences are linked together, as Earl Browder has so definitely shown in his recent report to the National Committee of the Communist Party. They are the poisonous by-products of Hitler's sore need for a negotiated peace, for the stopping of the Allied offensive. They are linked up with the 1944 elections, directly ahead of us, in which the fifth column is preparing for defeat of the Roosevelt policies such as would lead to a salvaging of the Axis powers.

The power of the labor movement, which lies in its numbers, will have to be built still stronger through the uncompromising campaign for genuine unity and for the quick destruction of Lewis treason. The past history of American labor gives great promise that this duty to the nation will be fulfilled. LOUIS F. BUDENZ.

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YE BOOKE NOOKE

Washington.

I HOPE Sam Sillen will forgive me, but this is the gladsome vacation season, and any day now you-all, as we say down heah Washington-way, will be trotting out to the back-porch with a Good Book, in lieu of that peacetime bout with nature and sand flies. So I have been keeping a book diary for the last month, and although the strain has definitely unnerved me and it will probably never happen again, I thought I'd list my suggestions for a terrific bout with Current Literature, such as she is. Incidentally, I'm no literary critic, and this is, as the headline above states, purely personal, no holds barred, and for a three-cent stamp you can write in and complain to my colleagues, the editors.

Let's see. There's a new and much touted murder mystery around, entitled, *Having Wonderful Crime*. It's perfectly lousy. Avoid it at all costs. Even I guessed how it came out and ordinarily I never guess mysteries. Also there's so much drinking the puzzle gets lost in people throwing up and other such delightful whimsy. Phoo-o-o-o.

Vardis Fisher's new book, the first of a long series, *Darkness and the Deep*. Rush to the nearest bookstore to procure same. I have no idea, although I've been needling my scientific friends to find out, if it's accurate or not, but it will certainly raise the hair on your head. It's a novel about primitive man. Bruce and I have known for a good long time that primitive man wasn't exactly an old charmer, but we always regarded him more or less impersonally when we gave him any serious thought at all. Never again. After *Darkness and the Deep* primitive man haunts you, day and night. I was never so glad to be civilized in my life. *Darkness and the Deep* is a serious and thoughtful and tragic and provocative book, and we've spent hours hashing it over in our small household. Guaranteed to be read, incidentally, at one horrified gulp. Did you know, by the way, that primitive man only ate bushes and things? When he got hungry, he went out and *browsed*, like a horse! And you know why most of us hate snakes? Well, in the beginning, man could handle tigers and suchlike, but snakes were a different dish of trouble altogether. You see, the snake—

But no. You read it. And for an overpowering climax that has you cheering, and even weeping a little on the sidelines, I recommend the part of *Darkness and the Deep* where man kills his first boa constrictor. Fisher does it so well that you have implicit in the death of that snake Shakespeare and Marx and Einstein and Beethoven—for we humankind began the long march upwards with our first triumphs over brute and senseless force—triumphs won with our *minds*. And—

But no. You read it. Then of course there's that section about the first time man used a weapon, and he kept forgetting about it, because he didn't have much of a memory, and as you read it, you grit your teeth, and growl and get so you talk out loud. "For heaven's sake, man! The club! The club! Pick it up, dope, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?" But he doesn't. He gives it a dumb look and passes it right by until four or five months later. It's enough to drive you crazy.

As I said, you read it. Tell me if you like it, too, maybe it's just personal with me.

We will now abandon *Darkness and the Deep*, although there is an interesting point about the development of women. You see. . . . NO.

THERE is Xavier Herbert's *Capricornia*. This is a big three time winner on my current list. It's a heartbreaking novel about Australia. Written with very much power and passion and indignation, although not too expert, *Capricornia* will set your soul on fire. It's a story of the black natives of that fierce, wild land, Northern Australia; a piercing, burning account of man's inhumanity to man. Incidentally, as I read it, I was struck once more by the contrast between the methods the Soviet Union uses to develop primitive races and those of a capitalist civilization. *Capricornia* is required reading for all of us. If you have a soldier friend stationed in Australia, it would be the perfect gift.

The *Last Days of Sevastopol*. Sam Sillen's beautiful review in NEW MASSES two weeks ago was worthy of the book itself. I'm not ashamed to say that I cried all the way through this sorrowful and tragic and heroic book. For me, this is infinitely the best of the war books to date.

First Harvest, Vladimir Pozner's new novel. A brief, but thoughtful and moving inquiry into the impact of the Nazis on a little French village. Pozner is that rare thing, a born *novelist*. Sometimes a man has such a burning thing to say, he casts it into a novel, and it's a good novel, but he isn't necessarily a novelist. *Capricornia* is like that. Pozner is an artist of imposing stature. *First Harvest* is a beautiful book.

The Dream Department, Sid Perelman's latest collection. I laughed over this one helplessly and pitifully until I hurt all over. Outside of maybe Thurber, by me Sid Perelman is America's only humorist. He's wonderful. He's terrific. He's colossal. I love him.

The *Don* books, both volumes; I just read them over again this last month. After the third time around, I am more persuaded than even before that this is the greatest novel, so far, of our century. If you haven't read *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Don Flows Home to the Sea* at least twice, do take time off this summer and read Sholokhov again. A good book improves with at least two readings; this one is worth several bouts. The *Don* books have the stature and depth and passion and importance of *War and Peace*. I prefer the *Don* books, as a matter of fact, to Tolstoy's great epic, but that's a matter of personal taste, I suppose.

Well, and I read, or tried to read, Woody Guthrie's autobiography last week. I guess I must be allergic to homespun epics. NEW MASSES reviewed this one with cheers; I couldn't even finish it although I worked on it faithfully. I loathe books written in dialect, I never can understand what the characters are talking about. Also this seemed to me to be mannered and artificial, full of an innocence assumed to beguile the public. Frankly, it reminded me of *Trader Horn*, especially since the publishers tried to promote it that way. And furthermore I dislike books which put the speech of workers into misspelled and ungrammatical sentences. Many workers, it is true, do not use English correctly, although with the prevalence of high schools nowadays, this is much less true than you would expect. But I got the same feeling about Woody Guthrie's book that I do about the Negro maid stories in the *New Yorker*. It may be true that the notes left by domestic servants for their employers are not couched in the King's English, but exploiting ignorance does not strike me as funny. And so with Woody Guthrie's opus. I don't think American workers are quaint or "colorful" either. The upper classes are reading Woody Guthrie's book to go slumming. I don't like it.

Angry protests, properly addressed to the editors, will be printed on request.

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"LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN," by Le Grand Cannon, Jr. This novel of early pioneer life was reviewed (favorably) on the front page of the *Times* book review three or four months ago. So I carefully avoided it, figuring it must be frightful. Happening across it the other day in a bookshop I trotted it home and read it with pleasure and deep satisfaction. It's a fine and beautiful novel, haunting and powerful, correctly conceived in its historical background, warm and human. It would be a pity to miss it; I have a hunch it will become a minor American classic and live on in our American literature, not, perhaps, as a major contribution, but as an honest and touching study of those early days when our national life was just taking form.

Joseph Freeman's book *Never Call Retreat* should have been titled just plain *Taps*. Whoo-o-o-o, what a lemon of a novel. Again, Brer Sillen really put his finger on this one and in some ways it was nice of Freeman to write the book so that Sam could do the review, which was a model of Marxist literary criticism. (adv.) Anyway, if you're hankering to read this one to see what all the shouting is about, don't. It is, among other items, the dullest entry of the season and guaranteed to put you quietly, quietly to sleep. If you don't gag first.

I didn't like Michael Blankfort's new novel either, but it's hardly worth working up a good outrage about. The big climax comes when the hero turns air raid warden in Hollywood, Calif. This proves to be such a soul-shattering experience the hero is shaken down to his toes and reforms, or sort of, anyway.

And there's *The Hill* by David Greenhood. This isn't exactly a terrific thriller, but it's an amiable and pleasant book about a lost town in California. It's a quiet sort of book, *The Hill*, and if your taste is blood and thunder, pass it by. If you like, now and then, to read careful and beautiful prose, thoughtful and poetic character studies, you'll find this one rewarding. I read it some weeks ago, and find myself remembering it a good deal—this is one of my tests for a good book. I think *The Hill* is an intelligent book, which not very many books published nowadays are. Incidentally, a thoughtful producer, with taste and imagination, could make a splendid moving picture from this one. I wish somebody would.

Of course, *Citizen Tom Paine*. I wish every American soldier would read this one, plus Howard Fast's earlier novels on the American Revolution like *Conceived in Liberty* and *The Unvanquished*.

And how long since you've read *From Bryan to Stalin*, William Z. Foster's fascinating political autobiography? A week or so ago I started to look up a disputed point in it—we're the kind of family that rushes to reference books to look up hot arguments that begin, "Well, the Taft administration opposed anti-trust laws, and—" The opposition screams, "Bah! Nonsense! Dope! etc.," and both sides resort to the nearest history book, muttering as they start working on the index. Well. So I started fishing around for a handy sentence to show up the other side as a bunch of utter dopes and an hour later I was still reading. I finished it all over again a couple of days later. It's a beautiful book, fascinating, provocative, original, worth reading many times, and studying, too. I don't think we've made half enough of *From Bryan to Stalin* and I am now constituting myself a personal Paul Revere department for Foster's truly great work of political art.

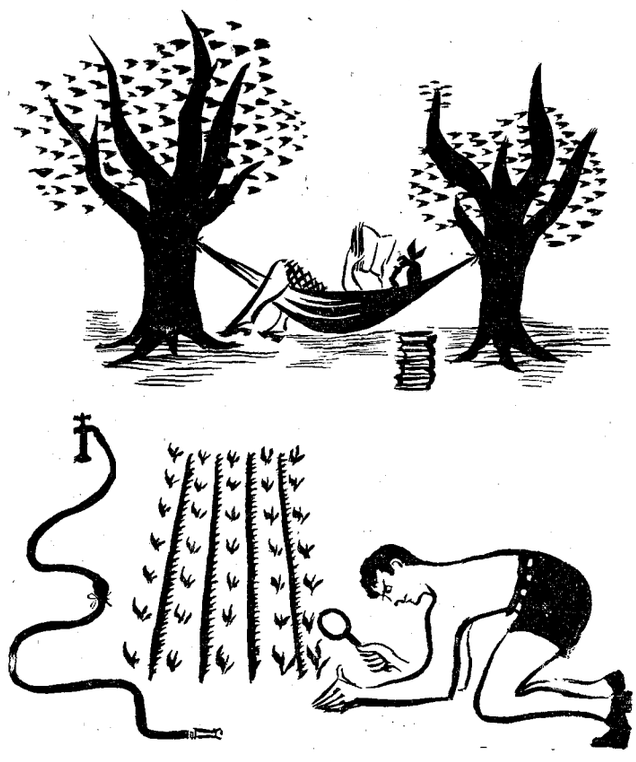
ANOTHER book I reread this month. Christina Stead's *House of All Nations*. I belong to that unfortunately too small circle which is of the opinion that Miss Stead is among the four or five really great novelists working today. I wanted to see how the *House of All Nations* did a second time. It does wonderfully, as a matter of fact. This is a subtle and powerful book, full of distilled venom against the capitalist class, a revolutionary book in the best and most important sense. I feel a little wrong in mentioning this earlier book of Miss Stead's without bearing down hard on her most recent volumes. But I think if you read *House of All Nations* you'll have to go on to the others, especially that tragic study of father-and-children called *The Man Who Loved Children*. Christina Stead and Louis Aragon are probably, outside of Sholokhov, my own favorite novelists of today. Everybody to his own taste of course, but it seems to me these writers have given the modern novel stature and depth and great importance.

I sit here brooding. I was just going to write something nice and vicious about a couple of mystery stories furiously touted as wonderfully exciting, et cetera. But I can't remember the titles. Oh yes. One little number called *The Green Circle*. Simply asinine and very pretentious, too. Another job, Joseph Shearing's latest. I have a taste for Joseph Shearing, he (she, really) has done some fine morbid chillers to make your skin prickle, but this was pretty dull and obvious. Definitely not worth three cents a day at the lending library. I guess Maigret, my first love, is the only good mystery story writer anyway, besides the lamented Eric Ambler. I say lamented because he hasn't had a new book in years. He was *really* good. Remember *Journey Into Fear*. Orson Welles made a fairly good movie out of it, nothing spectacular though, and not half so good as the book. I wish somebody would write another *Rebecca*. That was cheap and gaudy, to be sure, but it kept you gulping. Oh yes, we read a mystery the other day, *They Deal in Death*, by Robert Terrall, all about diamonds and such. Very nice, indeed. Passed muster in this ultra-critical family.

Since we're on the subject of what is known in the trade as commercial fiction, I wish somebody would do a survey or something about anti-Semitism and white chauvinism in detective stories. Nauseating!

WELL, this should provide a busy little vacation. Don't go blind, friends, and for a little extra reading, may I recommend the *Daily Worker*, NEW MASSES, and the *Communist*? Did you see the piece about Wallace in the *Communist*? Very swell indeed.

Aloah! Send us a postcard, please, with x marking the backyard.



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BOOKS and PEOPLE by SAMUEL SILLEN

ILYA EHRENBURG'S EPIC NOVEL

"The Fall of Paris" represents the literary high-water mark of the present war. A Soviet book which belongs also to Free France and all her allies.

A RECENT article in the London Times Literary Supplement urges novelists to avoid the war and its background as themes for fiction. The war novel, it argues, is "by its very nature" incapable of breadth, vision, and other enduring qualities of art. This advice is based on a belief that the life of our period is too shifting and complex to be absorbed by the imagination. Creative literature "can come nearer to the experience of our time by some form of abstraction from it . . . than by plunging into the inchoate events and emotions of the overmastering present."

This view is brilliantly refuted by Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Fall of Paris* (Knopf, $3). With great passion, insight, and artistry, Ehrenburg has recreated the tragic image of France from 1935 to 1940; from the days when the Popular Front was "the breath, the anger, and the hope of the country" to the days when Nazi loud-speakers roared "Go into your houses. It's time! It's time!" The Soviet novelist did not need to wait three decades to get "the right perspective" on the overmastering present. If chaos were indeed king, if the past decade were nothing but a vast convulsive accident of history, then no writer, however gifted, could attempt to portray reality with confidence. The times may be out of joint, but they are not out of history; and Ilya Ehrenburg, a Marxist, a mature artist, and an intimate student of France, where he lived throughout the period he portrays, has not only "absorbed" contemporary history but has wrought out of its complex and tumultuous materials the most solid novel of the war, one of the distinguished social novels of our time.

IN THE five years covered by this novel, humanity came closer to disaster than it had in five thousand years. Nations toppled like giant trees rotted from within by a monstrous disease, hacked from without by a furious degenerate. This was a time of sickening defeats and of soul-stirring heroism; Munich was of that age, but so was republican Spain. Two enormous questions hovered over the period. Would nations like France follow the interests of their peoples or of their corrupt and stupid ruling classes? Would nations like France recognize their enemies and friends, or would they continue to say with the fascist Breteuil of the novel that, since Hitler "defends" Europe against Communism, "Our allies are our enemies, and our enemies are our friends." There was always one supreme issue: freedom or enslavement. There was always only one way: resistance to fascism or obedience to fascism.

The Fall of Paris is therefore the epic of a nation. Not the fate of individuals as such, or that of classes as such, is the pivot of the drama, but the fate of a whole people. For the destinies of individuals, and the relations between classes, are seen in a new light when what is clearly at stake is the survival or downfall of a people. In this crisis, every value and prejudice, every tradition and temperament is tested, not in isolation but in terms of the complex intersections of individual, class, and national interest. It is in his penetrating study of these intersections that Ilya Ehrenburg has made his most profound contribution to the war novel.

France was betrayed. She was betrayed in the first instance by her financial and political rulers. When the Germans occupied the Rhineland, it was these rulers who said that "The frontier question recedes in the background in comparison with the defense of our Western civilization against the Bolsheviks." Not only the frontier question, but the whole question of national existence "receded into the background" as the French ruling circles declared war against the people of France, closing the Spanish border in the name of "Non-Intervention," perpetrating Munich in the name of "peace," suppressing the labor unions and the Communist Party in the name of "security," and sending troops to aid Mannerheim in the name of "humanitarianism." To their demagogy, corruption, and criminal stupidity there was no bottom, and Ehrenburg's mordant pen has not spared them.

Ilya Ehrenburg

In the person of Paul Tessa, morally obtuse gourmet and Radical Socialist Minister, Ehrenburg has projected the almost corporeal corruption of a whole class of French politicians. Tessa is the mirror of national betrayal, reflecting in his weakness and selfishness the superior will of those who were the real architects of disaster: the financier Montigny; or the industrialist Meuger, chairman of the Employers' Confederation, whose "attitude towards patriotic sentiments was one of irony"; or Breteuil, organizer of "The Faithful," the storm troopers of France. Tessa is a tool, and therefore an accomplice; like the venal journalist Joliot and the Socialist leader Villard, he is no less guilty than his masters. Ehrenburg's portraits of these figures are etched in acid. The subtle relation between individual degeneration and social treachery is analyzed here with enduring precision.

SOME reviewers of the novel, thinking even more loosely than they read, have tried to create the impression that these portraits add up to a novel *against* France. Nothing could be further from the truth. Ehrenburg has written out of a great love for France, and his superb scorn for the Tessas, Meugers, and Villards derives from a rich appreciation of the heritage they have violated and the people they have brought under the heel of a savage conqueror.

What really disturbs the reviewers is that the working class and the Communist Party emerge in this novel as the foremost defenders of the nation. There is no wishing away the fact that our own country is still infected with the propaganda of corruption that helped defeat France. The essence of that propaganda was to accuse

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the Communists and all other anti-fascists of subordinating the interests of the nation to "class" and to "foreign" considerations. It was under the hypocritical cloak of nationalism that the nation was brought to ruin. "France must not suffer for Spain," the demagogues shouted; but it was the Communist mechanic, Luc Michaud of the Paris Commune Battalion, who knew that in fighting for Spain "We're fighting for Paris, for France." Under the guise of fighting Germany in a phony war, the French fascists waged real war against the workers who demanded arms for resistance to the aggressor. The working class was the backbone of the nation. If the reviewers are offended by this fact, they should once again contemplate the fate of France when this backbone was broken under a weight of systematic lies and terror.

Events proved to be a stern teacher, as Ehrenburg shows. The exuberant Pierre Dubois was to learn that his Socialist idol Villard was a Judas who was all the more valuable to reaction because he repeated old revolutionary monologues from force of habit. Pierre's wife, Agnes, the detached schoolteacher to whom politics of every shade were sordid, was to end her life in passionate defiance of the invader. The taciturn artist Andre Corneau, who had worried mostly about the dullness of his yellow tones and had yawned at phrases like "our beautiful France," was to join the resistance forces, passionately convinced that Paris would again see day. As the national crisis matures in the novel, it becomes more and more necessary to distinguish between members of the same class and even of the same family. A capitalist like Desser, devoted to the France he has known from childhood, declines into bitterness and finally suicide, but he will not follow the Vichy road. Tessa's children, Denise and Lucien, are striking contrasts to their father, though in quite different ways. Ehrenburg has drawn a glowing portrait of Denise as the comrade and lover of Michaud. Her brother Lucien is an intellectual who moves rapidly from surrealism to brewing revolutions in a cocktail shaker to association with fascists and finally to a death that is not without grandeur.

THESE are some of the characters, though by no means all, in a novel of astonishing range. In dealing with them, Ehrenburg has avoided two great pitfalls of novelists who have attempted a similarly wide panel of contemporary history. Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* is without structure; it lacks an integrating principle, a solid philosophy of social analysis; the multifold characters jostle one another haphazardly, and it is difficult to retain a clear picture of each individual. In Ehrenburg's novel there is a firm control, clarity, and naturalness; the lines do not waver; the characters achieve distinctness

by their relation to the central issue. The French novel from Proust to Aragon developed a remarkable technique for depicting the *disintegration* of character and of a society, and Ehrenburg has clearly learned from this technique. But a powerful analysis of the underlying historical situation has enabled Ehrenburg to keep his structure intact. For this is only in one sense a study of disintegration; it is also a study of the struggle to create a new and independent France. This novel of defeat is not for a moment defeatist. It is passionately affirmative; it glows with struggle; with the words of Michaud: "But there's going to be happiness, Denise, a great happiness! Don't you believe it? You must realize we're going to win. It's as simple as day after night or spring after winter. It can't be otherwise. What fine people we've got! They're ready to lay down their lives. But whom have the others got? Robbers. Or degenerates. We're bound to win! And then there will be happiness. How the people have longed for it! Big, simple happiness, the simplest happiness even—to live and breathe, not to fear the sound of footsteps, not to hear the wail of sirens, and to fondle children, and to love, just as you and I. . . . It will be happiness. . . ."

Ehrenburg has also avoided an artificial device like the character of Lanny Budd in Upton Sinclair's recent group of novels. Sinclair strains credibility by using a sort of universal man who introduces the reader to every well known figure of the past twenty-five years. He fictionalizes history, and his imagined people are frequently mere pawns to big names and events; they do not have sufficient autonomy. Ehrenburg's characters move in and through history on their own steam. We may not meet a Blum or Laval or Doriot, but the same historical forces that have helped shape these figures have also shaped characters in this novel. Each is recognizably a created individual, and each is recognizably a social type.

IT IS nevertheless true that Ehrenburg's novel falls short of such masterpieces of historical fiction as *War and Peace* and *The Silent Don.* In these novels one is always conscious that situations are being dramatized rather than summarized; there are many scenes which rise to great peaks of dramatic intensity; it is significant that both novels have been successfully translated to the stage. There are, by contrast, few such scenes in Ehrenburg; the pressure is steady, but it does not rise to expressions of overpowering emotion. Ehrenburg is less successful than either of his great countrymen in projecting the inner responses of character.

To make the comparison with Tolstoy and Sholokhov is to suggest that Ilya Ehrenburg has written one of those rare works that come to stand for a whole epoch. Begun shortly after the Nazis goosestepped into a Paris that traitors made an "open city," completed shortly after the Nazis felt the first mighty blows of the Red Army, this novel is, I believe, the high-water mark of literary achievement in World War II. It is a great United Nations event, for this novel belongs as surely to Free France as it does to the Soviet Union, and to the other Allies as well. In the Soviet Union it won the Stalin Prize of 100,000 rubles; in England it sold 35,000 copies the first week of publication. It is a deep humiliation to record that so far, in this country, the book has mainly evoked those boorish prejudices and philistine bromides that pass for literary criticism in organs like the New York *Times,* which appear to resent the mirror of France because they detect in it an unpleasant likeness.

The Fall of Paris is the supreme answer to those critics who are telling novelists to wait around a couple of decades for perspective, since we are "too close" to the war now, "too passionately involved." If it is true that the kind of war we fight in large measure determines the kind of peace we achieve, it is no less true that the kind of work a writer does now in large measure determines the kind of work he will do after we have buried the Axis. The idea of literature-pro-tem is only the apparent opposite of literature-as-usual; actually their attitudes merge. The first proposes "for the sake of the war" to resist the imperious demands of creative literature; the second proposes "for the sake of literature" to resist the needs and pressures of the war. Both conceptions keep double ledgers, insisting on a categorical distinction between the writer as artist and the writer as warrior. Neither understands the need and possibility of great creative writing now, in, of, and for the war. Neither understands the magnificent reality of an Ilya Ehrenburg.

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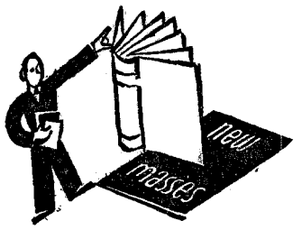

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The Nazi Party

NATIONAL SOCIALISM, Basic Principles, Their Application by the Nazi Party's Foreign Organization, and the Use of Germans Abroad for Nazi Aims. *Prepared in the Special Unit of the Division of European Affairs of the State Department by Raymond E. Murphy, Francis B. Stevens, Howard Trivers, and Joseph M. Roland. US Government Printing Office. $1.*

THIS State Department study in National Socialist ideology appears on the scene much too late with much too little. It proves that the Department has known the theory and practice of Nazism all along. Most of the Nazi documents on which this study is based and which are included in the huge appendix date back before September 1939. If one asks why the State Department did not publish this material before Munich as a means of leading the country to clear thinking on the subject, the answer certainly cannot be that the State Department was uninformed on the matter. Time and again we are learning that the State Department does not use or discounts information at its disposal, even when it is provided by its own ambassadors like Dodd in Berlin and Davies in Moscow. Obviously policies not based upon a true picture of an objective situation are not going to serve the national interests of our country.

However, we might be grateful even for belated wisdom. But this study has a fatal flaw. Studies in ideology are most fruitful when the ideology is related to the reality behind the ideology. Students of ideology must confront the question: does the system of ideas correspond to the facts? When the ideology under survey is that of National Socialism, the duty to distinguish between theory and practice is unavoidable for the simple reason that Nazism is not so much an ideology as a *form of demagogy*, a technique for *deceiving* the people. Nazism has a face and a mask. A study of Nazi ideology must bare that face. This document fails to do that; it does not even give us all the essential features of the mask.

If the State Department wants us to believe that National Socialism is what this study says it is, then we can more easily understand its policy toward Mannerheim, Franco, the Darlans, Mikhailoviches, Ottos, and others like them. But to understand is not to justify, but rather to increase the pressure which will bring our State Department's conduct more closely into line with our national interests. We must not wait for the State Department belatedly to open its files on Mikhailovich and others long after serious damage has been done. We cannot be content with the claim that the State Department acts on information denied the public when it has too often been demonstrated that the Department does not even act on the information it has when other considerations control it.

The fundamental truth about the "ideology" of the National Socialist German Labor Party is that it was designed to mislead large masses of people who believed in socialism (note the 17,000,000 votes on the Communist and Social-Democratic tickets in the last "free" elections), who believed in labor, and in the right of the German nation to make its way without the restrictions imposed by the imperialists of Versailles. Millions of Germans thought in terms of the sovereignty of the people, of hostility to imperialism, of a classless society in which a person's worth would receive due recognition. Nazi demagogy *stole* these ideas and slogans expressing the deepest and best aspirations of the people. Nazi propaganda *abused* these democratic ideals by mouthing them in order to fool Germans into following a party that was the worst enemy of every one of these objectives. On those it could not deceive it used unrestrained violence.

Nazi ideology is thus a thing of shreds and patches, deliberately dishonest and poisonous. In other countries, fascist demagogy borrowed the ideas current among the advanced sections of the population too: in Spain, for instance, where socialist ideals had no such hold upon the people as they did in Germany, Franco's party was originally named the National *Syndicalist* Party, because anarcho-syndicalism was the ideology most widely followed by the militant Spanish working class.

NOW the main and disastrous weakness of the study under review is that it seems to take the Nazi demagogy at face value. It seems to believe that National Socialism *is* socialism, a German socialism but still a socialism! To read its 150 pages of analysis and some 350 pages of supporting documents is to find no trace of the demagogy behind the Nazi assertions quoted that in Germany the people are sovereign, labor has dignity, capitalism does not exist, the society is classless, and so forth.

The authors accept as true Hitler's statement that he wants to "unify" the German people, and neglect the fact that Hitler has waged class warfare against the German people as it had never been waged before. Is no distinction to be drawn between subjugation and unification? The authors also "prove" that ours is a war for survival by accepting Hitler's demagogy that he is fighting an anti-capitalist war. They quote without comment this bit of Nazi "theory": "The fuehrer is no 'representative' of a particular group whose wishes he must carry out. . . . He is rather himself the bearer of the collective will of the people. In his will the will of the people is realized. . . . But the fuehrer, even as the bearer of the people's will, is not arbitrary and free of all responsibility. His will is not the subjective will of a single man, but the collective national will is em-

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bodied within him in all its objective, historical greatness. . . ."

The authors do more than fail to distinguish between the two opposites, Nazism and socialism; they tend to identify the two chiefly by a loose use of words, but also by such devices as including Ferdinand Lassalle in a list of antecedents of Nazi ideology, as "the Socialist leader and agitator." Of Lassalle, Marx said that he "had in fact betrayed the party," and Lenin wrote that Lassalle and his followers "pursued a vacillating policy and adapted themselves to the hegemony of the Junker Bismarck." But the authors quote this "Socialist": "In a letter to Bismarck, dated June 8, 1863, Lassalle wrote, 'The working class instinctively feels attracted to dictatorship, if they can first be convinced that it will be practiced in their interests.'" Had our authors desired really to make a complete study of concepts that have "always appealed strongly to the German mind" they could surely have found other working class concepts from more authentic working class spokesmen. At least for the purposes of the war, our authors should have distinguished between the socialism of the USSR and the National Socialism of our enemy.

But here the State Department instead tends to identify the two, and on occasion even to make Soviet socialism seem worse. In a summary of a Nazi document in the appendix they write: "The Third Reich, however, cannot correctly be called a 'one-party state.' This term is applicable to a state such as Soviet Russia, in which a party representing the interests only of one part of the people imposes itself on the whole nation." The authors make no attempt to distinguish friend from foe, lie from truth.

SINCE the State Department analysis failed to make clear the basic differentiation between the Soviet and Nazi states, even in its 350 pages of documents, perhaps this documentary evidence from the Stalin interview with Roy Howard in 1936 should be cited here. Howard himself expunged both his own question and Stalin's answer from his own account of the interview, but the published stenogram contains this:

Howard: A new constitution is being elaborated in the USSR providing for a new system of elections. To what degree can this new system alter the situation in the USSR, since, as formerly, only one party will come forward at elections?

Stalin: . . . You are puzzled by the fact that only one party will come forward at elections. You cannot see how election contests can take place under these conditions. *Evidently, candidates will be put forward not only by the Communist Party,* but by all sorts of public, non-Party organizations. And we have hundreds of these. We have no contending parties any more than we have a capitalist class contending against a working class which is exploited by the capitalists. Our society consists exclusively of free toilers of town and country—workers, peasants, intellectuals. Each of these strata may have its special interests and express them by means of the numerous public organizations that exist. But since there are no classes, since the dividing lines between classes have been obliterated, since only a slight, but not a fundamental, difference between various strata in socialist society has remained, there can be no soil for the creation of contending parties. Where there are not several classes there cannot be several parties, for a party is part of a class.

Under National "Socialism" there is also only one party. But nothing will come of this fascist one-party system. The point is that in Germany, capitalism and classes have remained, the class struggle has remained and will force itself to the surface in spite of everything. . . . In Italy there is also only one party, the Fascist Party. But nothing will come of it there for the same reasons. . . .

You think there will be no election contests. But there will be, and I foresee very lively election campaigns. There are not a few institutions in our country which work badly. Cases occur when this or that local government body fails to satisfy certain of the multifarious and growing requirements of the toilers of town and country. Have you built a good school or not? Have you improved housing conditions? Are you a bureaucrat? Have you helped to make our labor more effective and our lives more cultured? Such will be the criteria with which millions of electors will measure the fitness of candidates, reject the unsuitable, expunge their names from candidates' lists, and promote and nominate the best. Yes, election campaigns will be lively, they will be conducted around numerous, very acute problems, principally of a practical nature, of first class importance for the people. Our new electoral system will tighten up all institutions and organizations and compel them to improve their work. Universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage in the USSR will be a whip in the hands of the population against the organs of government which work badly. In my opinion our new Soviet constitution will be the most democratic constitution in the world.

Unless the State Department wishes to perpetuate the remnants of the "communazi" myth by identifying the socialism of our greatest ally with the Nazism of our greatest enemy it will have to begin to draw such distinctions when the occasion demands. When Hitler was denouncing "Anglo-American plutocracy," did not Stalin come to our defense with this all-important differentiation: "To cover up their reactionary, blackguard essence, the Hitlerites are branding the Anglo-American internal regime as a plutocratic regime. But in England and the United States there are elementary democratic liberties, there are trade unions of workers and employes, there are labor parties, there is a parliament, whereas the Hitler regime has abolished all these institutions in Germany." (Nov. 6, 1941)

The State Department writers, however, not only do not strip Nazi ideology of its pretensions; they do not even give us the whole mask. Labor-baiting, Red-baiting, and Soviet-baiting are basic to Nazi ideology, but they are not mentioned in this study. Hitler's secret weapon is not exposed as his most effective instrument. "Anti-Communist" propaganda is as basic to Goebbels' line as the vicious racial propaganda. The State Department does not

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help the anti-Nazi cause when it fails to make this clear. Of what value is it to expose the German-American Bund as a Nazi agency without exposing its tactics of labor-baiting, Red-baiting, and Soviet-baiting? Knowledge of their tactics, on the other hand, is an aid not only to recognizing Bundists but also native American fascists who follow the Hitler line.

The entire method used in this work is meretricious. Ideas are always divorced from their historical context, and single sentences are often wrenched from their intellectual context. Despite the fact that Nazism has repudiated Hegel's political theory and that Alfred Rosenberg linked Hegel with Marx and the French Revolution as enemies of Nazism, our authors make Hegel out to be a forerunner of Nazism by using the briefest of quotations that prove nothing and that can be contradicted by other statements of Hegel's. By the same technique they could have included Plato as a Nazi antecedent. They do the same with Herder, Schlegel, and General von Clausewitz. The latter's profound observation that war is a continuation of politics is cited by our authors as evidence that he is an antecedent of Nazi advocacy of "war as an instrument of policy"! The effect of such a technique is supposed to be a condemnation of practically all of German ideology as Nazi, not only today but in the past.

There is one purpose the book will serve well. The section on German citizenship laws will be helpful in the legal process of denaturalizing Bundists like Fritz Kuhn. But at best that is today a minor service.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

A Peasant Village

FIRST HARVEST, *by Vladimir Pozner. Viking. $2.50.*

VLADIMIR POZNER gave us one of the best novels to come out of the early months of the war, *The Edge of the Sword*, which dealt with the battle and the fall of France. In *First Harvest* Mr. Pozner moves forward in time to a French village on the Channel coast after the occupation. The story centers around the desertion of a Nazi private, an act which is converted by the German staff officers into an excuse to discipline the people of the village. For, according to Nazi theory, "A German soldier never deserts." Therefore it is both necessary and convenient to erect the fiction that Huber, the deserter, has been murdered by one of the villagers. A former peasant, sick of war and mystified by his part in it, Huber has set out to get back to his own farm in Bavaria before the first harvest. After his body is found where he has fallen to death from a cliff, ten hostages are picked at random from the village and summarily executed when no "murderer" confesses. The tiny village, remote from the scene of the ac-

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tual battle of France, sees through its own eyes the Nazi technique of enforcing order.

Mr. Pozner has gone to pains to differentiate his Nazis as well as his villagers. There is the decadent lieutenant, whose prestige depends upon his lineage and the fact that his uncle is a general. There is the officer with stomach trouble, who is in constant panic that he will find no milk or that in some other way his weakness will come to the notice of the others; the officer in charge, who has formerly kept a brothel, a living repository of all the characteristic features of that profession; the simple noncom, whose first glimpse of the real nature of Nazism is through the eyes of the young girl Yvonne, whom he has saved from rape. There is Huber, whose love of the earth is so deep that it is intolerable to stand idly by and watch the villagers harvesting the grain—his work, the work he knows and has to do in order to live. These "men of one mind" react to one another as well as to the main situation. Among the officers there are mutual suspicion, fear, jealousy, contempt, hatred. But there are also a method and a weapon shared.

"A German does not desert." This is the reflex pronouncement of the officers when Huber disappears. "A German tire does not blow out." This is the reflex paraphrase of the staff chauffeur when he confronts a blown-out tire. In the two dogmas there are both comedy and tragedy. For the officers do not believe what they say, and the chauffeur does.

Among the townspeople, thrust from the relatively uncomplicated task of hiding part of their harvest to more naked encounter with the enemy, are the mayor, the baker, the priest, a lady's maid visiting from Paris, the Communist postman, who delivers pamphlets with the mail until he is taken hostage, the lighthouse keeper, the schoolmistress, the sixteen-year-old Yvonne, who alone knows that Huber has deserted. Most of these characters are politically "innocent"; they are also provincial, following simple and time-honored ways of life. One, of course, is more "advanced" than another. The schoolmistress does not believe in God. The lady's maid has served a woman of wealth in the capital. The Communist has begun—"just lately"—to see things for himself. It is the essential quality of a peasant village that the author is trying to give us—as its people meet and learn to know Nazism in its present pattern.

In spite of the sharpness of the central situation, to which all the characters are tightly wired, *First Harvest* does not, to my mind, fulfill its purpose. In trying to show us the comparative simplicity, the fundamental goodness, the strength, the endurance of the provincial villager, Mr. Pozner has oversimplified his characters as individuals. The reader knows them, if not superficially, not deeply or well. As a consequence the real and horrible nature of

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their struggle is blurred rather than sharpened as the story progresses; for if, in the writing, these characters are thin and seem somewhat idealized, their struggle becomes correspondingly remote. At times it is very nearly a charade that is played between the people of the village and the Nazis, with the Nazis the more substantial people.

It is my guess that Mr. Pozner knows the city better than the peasant. *First Harvest* by no means comes up to the standard of *The Edge of the Sword*. But the author is a writer of considerable talent, and with material closer to the reach of this talent he should again give us a book of the stature that he has led us to expect.

HELEN CLARE NELSON.

"Born in Ignorance . . ."

THE ENIGMA OF ADMIRAL DARLAN, *by Alec de Montmorency. Dutton. $2.50.*

THIS book's publishers must have felt the ache of conscience, otherwise they would not have begun their appraisal of Alec de Montmorency's work on Admiral Darlan with the following apology: "Had this amazing document been submitted by a vindictive enemy of the late Admiral Darlan, we might have hesitated to publish it. Obviously, however, the author regards Darlan with almost fanatical admiration. We are convinced that he is completely sincere in presenting this sensational picture of the admiral's personality. In addition he throws a penetrating searchlight on French political intrigue—both before and after Vichy."

Now, there is not much that is sensational in *The Enigma*, except that it is filled with slander against our British and Soviet allies, and that it proves once again the old saying about the French aristocracy—"*etant ne dans l'ignorance toujours y reste*" (born in ignorance always in ignorance). Coming from a family that has been part of the "inner set" of the Faubourg St. Germain, the aristocrats' Paris reservation, Monsieur de Montmorency's opinions about his country's politics have the range of thought of a not too bright French high school boy mixed with reactionary royalist doctrines. Thus the Popular Front was, of course, bad; the Third Republic because of its democratic pretensions (not because of its abuses) was a despicable thing; Italian fascism was not so bad until the war; Britain does not appreciate the noble roots of such glorious defeatists as General Weygand; the Russians are devils. Air General Duseigneur, who belonged to the fifth column and was an outright traitor, is regarded by Montmorency as an innocent lamb wronged by that evil man Pierre Cot. And so on, and so forth.

Intermingled with these dull and not too competent observations we find some interesting revelations about Darlan and Darlan's friends. Montmorency pictures the

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admiral as a great patriot whose reputation was blackened by British, Russian, and Nazi propaganda. Still, we hear from Darlan's admirer that as far back as 1932 the admiral was conspiring with Weygand and others. They wanted to start a putsch similar to General Franco's. We are also indebted to Monsieur de Montmorency for the story of Darlan's removal of all republican and democratic naval officers to one old battleship, *Jean Bart*, to be torpedoed at the beginning of the French fascist putsch. This putsch, by the way, in Montmorency's opinion, saved western Europe from the war and established some sort of fascist federation. Naturally, abuse is heaped on General de Gaulle. In this connection Montmorency's views are exactly those of Laval and the Nazis. De Gaulle is smeared as a coward who fled to safety in Britain. The Fighting French are ridiculed. Monsieur de Montmorency does not even shrink from outright lies when he states that the Czech National Council, "whose case would be most similar to that of the Free French Committee, refused to indulge in denunciations of the person and policy of President Hacha, who had stayed also in collaboration with the Nazis." The truth is that the Czechoslovak National Committee and the government-in-exile have declared that President Hacha is a traitor and will be convicted for high treason and as an accomplice in murder.

Monsieur de Montmorency seems to believe that Darlan, with his "naval megalomania," saved the instrument for the rebirth of France—the navy. He adds that no man had been so popular among the French sailors since Surcouf and Suffren, as Darlan. A large part of that navy, kept at Toulon by Darlan, is now under the sea. And the sailors who left the *Richelieu* to enlist in the Fighting French navy give the lie to Montmorency's legend about the popular Admiral Darlan.

CHARLES LELONG.

Col. T. *(Cont'd from page 10)*

clearly defensive, and is now potentially offensive for the Soviets.

Thus, at the end of the three-month period of so-called lull on the Eastern Front we find that the Germans have been able to achieve only one offensive purpose (and that very unsatisfactorily): they have made a number of deep raids against the cities of Yaroslavl, Gorky, Saratov, and Astrakhan and shorter raids against Leningrad, Kursk, and Rostov. Against the Soviet tactical air force and its airdromes they seem to have been powerless. On land they have tried to advance, sometimes in force, but have not gained an inch. On the contrary, they have lost some positions on the Volkhov, Donets, the Oka, and the Kuban.

Both "pistols" remain cocked and the fingers are on the triggers, with the Soviet finger's pressure just a little stronger.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

ENTERTAINMENT GOES TO WAR

Screen, stage, and radio industries hold a conference and do some vital national planning on their functions as morale-builders. Joy Davidman looks at their achievements and projects.

WHEN reactionary congressmen killed the Federal Arts Project some few years back, they took the arts away from the American people and made them private property again, the property of those who could afford them. A period of unprecedented artistic achievement was brought to a close. But they did even more and even worse; they destroyed, in the WPA theater, an organization capable of tackling, on a nationwide scale, the problems of entertainment for morale. The WPA theater reached millions who had never seen live actors; it went into parks, into farm communities in remote corners of the country; it evolved new forms of drama for every occasion. And now the war has led everyone to recognize that a nation cannot do without its entertainment. The entertainment industry has realized its double duty—to amuse and to enlighten; has set to work, in cooperation with such government agencies as OWI, to bring the meaning of the war home to every American and to give him a good time while he is learning. It must go into factories, into farm communities, into army camps. And it goes with much enthusiasm, but its efforts are often inadequate, conflicting, or arbitrary; the necessary directing organization is lacking.

Two weeks ago the entertainment industry held a national conference to remedy that lack—the lack occasioned by scrapping the WPA theater. It was held in a New York theater under the auspices of the American Association of Actors and Artistes.

That conference began by reporting what entertainers had accomplished without direction. Radio and film and stage had been putting on war productions; the American Theater Wing had gone into war plants with its Lunchtime Follies, and sent the workers back to their machines lively and refreshed; the USO Camp Shows had brought the most glamorous Hollywood products into direct contact with soldiers, here and on the fighting fronts. Yet, if the samples of this work shown were impressive as an earnest of good will, not all of them were particularly impressive as art. Somewhat crude leg shows and radio hymns of hate against the Japanese are rather less than adequate coverage of the war. The soldiers' own work in *The Army Play by Play*, a group of one-acters recently presented on Broadway, was at least equal to anything the entertainment industry had to show.

AND *The Army Play by Play* was three parts barrack-room clowning and two of incredible melodrama. The clowning was at least lively and realistic; it showed that soldier authors and actors are keenly observant of the daily routine of army life. But the melodrama revealed little more than comic-strip heroics, an American soldier taking over a Nazi sub single-handed and the like. Obviously derived largely from current movie and radio style, these army playlets constituted an indictment of the entertainment industry for the things it has *not* made clear about this war.

"Girl in Subway."
Sculpture by Robert Cronbach from the exhibition "Artists in War Production" at the ACA Gallery in New York.

The National Conference faced these problems. Its keynote speech, delivered by Lawrence Tibbett, analyzed the accomplishments of our allies in war entertainment, praising China's mobile troupes of actors, the 270,000 theatrical performances *in military institutions alone* which Russia gave in twenty months of war, and the government-controlled war entertainment program of England. Mr. Tibbett went on to say:

"The more extensive use of theater which our allies have made seems to be closely related to the fact that these theater projects are coordinated by their governments. In America our outlook is different. And since in the United States the entertainment world functions on a basis of private and individual enterprise, it is we ourselves who must do the coordinating."

ONE might disagree slightly with this; if England, no less capitalist than ourselves, can work wonders with government-controlled war entertainment, we might find it possible to do likewise without distorting our "outlook." In fact, we did when we had the WPA theater. But certainly private coordination of entertainment is better than no coordination at all, and the National Conference deserves unqualified praise for what it achieved. Writers, producers, directors, actors, singers, technicians, radio men, screen men, stage men; they formed a committee of the industry, they set up plans for a clearing house through which all wartime entertainment is to be routed. Performers will be registered there for service, productions will be organized there; arrangements are to be made for paying contributors according to recognized union rates. This means that war entertainment will no longer appear as a charity, a gracious gesture; in other words, from being a gift horse you didn't feel free to look in the teeth, it will become responsible as to content and organization. If the Conference Committee carries out its promises, entertainment may enlighten some of our other war industries on the merits of pooling your resources and abilities.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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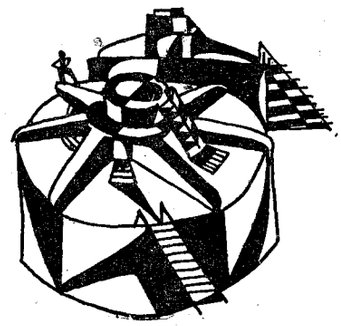
It is a pity that the late Leslie Howard could not make his exit more triumphantly than with such a film as *Spitfire*. He deserved better material. No one on our stage could rival him in interpreting sensitive, gentle men torn by inner conflict; his skill in this sort of acting, while it stopped just short of *Hamlet*, made plays and films like *Outward Bound* and *Of Human Bondage* unforgettable. And as a director he was competent, if a trifle unimaginative—*Spitfire* suffers from unvarying photography and monotonous pace. But neither as actor nor as director could he lift this story of a plane designer off the ground.

Here is one R. J. Mitchell, who spent his life designing fast planes; whose last achievement was the unconquerable Spitfire with which RAF pilots have downed so many Germans. Presumably he had parts and passions like another man, gusts of emotion, problems of adjustment to the world, bad tempers and petulances and human imperfections. Presumably, too, there was enough conflict in his life to make a good story; for it is a truism that every man's life contains a novel if one knows how to write it. But *Spitfire*, with its artless canonization of Mitchell as a hero, has left out Mitchell the man.

He has a wife—and she spends the whole film in the same attitude of self-effacing devotion. He has a friend—who follows him around with nothing to do but admire. He has one or two minor disagreements with his employers about the right shape for an airplane, but he gets his way almost immediately; and when he runs short of money, there turns up a pompous sheep of a female, who is a slander even of the English nobility, to drop a hundred thousand pounds in his lap.

Hero worship is a touching phenomenon in an adolescent, but pretty thin stuff in a film. For all its talk about the war, *Spitfire* contains not an atom of genuine conflict. Its one really significant moment comes when Mitchell, in Germany, learns from the boasting of several rather drunk Nazi aviators that Nazism is out to conquer the world. Some good points are made here: notably, a frank admission that Hitler was using English fear of Communism to get English money for his armament program. Coming in a government-sponsored English film that means a great deal. But the political analysis remains superficial. Until he learns the Nazis are really hostile to England, Mitchell has no fault to find with them; he enjoys their beer and praises their "healthy, well disciplined German youth."

The rest of *Spitfire* has not even the interest of an error. You are invited to sit back and admire Mitchell while he works himself to death, with irreproachable good manners, over the *Spitfire* design; you watch him dying in his garden, picturesquely and very, very slowly. Now there is a good story barely suggested in the film. On his German trip Mitchell meets his Nazi opposite number, the famous Dr. Messerschmitt, and has a small argument with him. Had *Spitfire's* writers really perceived the drama of planes-for-democracy, they might have developed the Mitchell-Messerschmitt antithesis into a parallel biography of enormous power; they might have put the whole meaning of the war into the personal experience of these two men. They were too busy with uncomprehending admiration.



This inability to see the real drama of your subject is the trademark of the commercial light novel, with its reduction of everything interesting in the world to a sketchy background for two amiable nincompoops of opposite sex. An examination of any assortment of B pictures will show how much the movies have lost by following the light novel's lead.

And *Spitfire* shows the same incapacity for intelligent plotting. It is instructive to compare this film with the Russian screen biography of the aviator Chkalov, *Wings of Victory*. Two films about progress in flying, both interpreting that progress through the life of a single pioneer. But the theme of the Russian picture was that Chkalov, to conquer the air, had first to conquer himself; it was primarily a study of the growth of human character. Chkalov began by raging against discipline; but he learned to discipline himself, until his long-distance flight came not as an accidental piece of heroism but as the culmination of a lifetime of training.

R. J. Mitchell, however, has no problems. His story is a collection of cheering crowds, blueprints, and pretty little airplane models. And the nearest he ever comes to explaining the origin of his creative work is by a bland remark that it must be fate.

Mr. Howard's silvery good looks were well enough suited to the role of an adored saint, and he plays Mitchell with as much conviction as the role can afford. David Niven is less than his usual sprightly self, bogged down in the most unfunny "comic relief" we have endured this season. The Spitfire planes lent by the RAF, however, perform beautifully; their gyrations supply some vigor in what is otherwise a singularly limp film. J.D.

Artists at War

Paintings and sculpture of soldiers on the home front.

The last exhibition to be held at the ACA Gallery before it leaves West Eighth Street for the rare atmosphere of 57th Street, is appropriately entitled "Artists in War Production." The exhibit, which will be on through July 3, is sponsored by the Artists League of America. Many members of the League now working in war industries have had no chance to show their paintings and sculpture. The foreword to the exhibit catalogue states:

"We, their fellow artists, want to help them preserve their identity. We want to give them an impetus to continue their art work, which is their real occupation. We want to honor them also, through this exhibition, as production workers: artists who, for the duration, have willingly given up their art to do an essential war job. They are the soldiers on the home front, in the production line."

There is a unity about this group show in quality, content, and expression that sets it apart from the usual group exhibition. With few exceptions, the work concerns itself with the business of war and war production. Artists now working as draftsmen, shipbuilders, merchant marinemen, and lathe hands do not seek in their art an escape from their daily tasks; instead, in their leisure they recreate in art forms their experience as workers.

When the artist paints what he sees, understands, and experiences, he convinces. Norman Barr's "Blueprint for Production" is such a canvas. Simple in theme and color harmony, it is one of the outstanding works in the exhibition. When the artist takes his experience second hand, as Lawler does in "Skirmish in Bataan," the canvas, despite good organization and pattern, lacks sincerity. The soldiers, supposedly at death grips, do not come off; they are toyish, unreal.

Ben Wilson's "Drummer Boy" shows that this artist is continuing to grow in depth and understanding. Maurice Becker, Louis Blatt, A. W. Garrett, James Guy, Jules Helfant, Ernst Hopf, Norman Lewis, James Grunbaum, Louis Tytel, and Edmund Weil are represented by excellent canvases but space prohibits more than this brief mention.

The sculpture is exceptionally noteworthy. Special mention must be made of Joseph Konzal's "Labor's Answer," Marjorie Karr's "Evacuee," Robert Glass' "The Guerrillas," Robert Cronbach's "Girl in Subway," Milton Hebald's "Worker and Son," and Werner's "Warm Bath." A. C.

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